What the "Boys" Did Overthere

By "Themselves"

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WHAT THE BOYS DID OVER THERE
E. Kirk

WHAT THE "BOYS" DID OVERTHERE

By "THEMSELVES"

Edited by

HENRY L. FOX

PUBLISHED BY

THE ALLIED OVERSEAS VETERANS STORIES CO., Inc.

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IN MEMORIAM.

This book is affectionately dedicated to "The Boys," who found their final rest, in the Hallowed soil of Martyred Belgium, and France, by their more fortunate comrades,

THE AUTHORS.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Title	1
Copyright	2
Memoriam	3
Contents	4
Introduction	5, 6, 7, 8
My Experience as a Dispatcher	9
Bringing In a Sniper	19
On the Flanders Front	25
A "Devil Dog's" Story	31
The Hun I was Sure I "Got"	39
In the Verdun Sector	41
Life in the Trenches	45
Two Years in the Ypres Salient	49
A Night Adventure	57
A Machine Gunner's Story	59
The Fall of Cantigny	65
The Retreat from Mons	71
My Service in Flanders	79
" " " " (Part Two)	85
With the Ammunition Train	91
Hospital Experience	97
Two Years and a Half of War	101
From England to France and Back	109
"Why I Hate a German"	119
From New York to France and Back	127
My Duty to My Country	131
The "Dardenelles" Campaign	139
The First of the "Tanks"	147
The Sunshine of the Trenches	151
On the Belgian Retreat of 1914	161

INTRODUCTION

How and why this book was compiled.

BY THE EDITOR

In assembling the stories contained in this book we have endeavored to put in realistic and readable form some of the actual, and authentic, experiences of soldiers and officers of the Allied Forces, who have returned to their home after nobly sacrificing themselves in the service of their respective countries. It has been our endeavor to give to these stories as much of the personality of "the boys," who have told us their experiences, as possible, by using their own words whenever their physical condition permitted them to write their own stories.

Literary style has been a secondary consideration as we believe that a majority of the public would prefer to read the truth unabridged, than a story garbled by editorial tinkering.

We are indebted to the following heroes for their aid in the publication of this book:

Machine gunner George Eckhart, No. 105688, First M. G. Batt., 1st Div., A.E.F.

Wounded in the leg and gassed at Cantigny. Decorated by the French Government with the "Croix de Guerre."

Corp. Frank J. Sears, Co. A, 9th Infantry, 2nd Div., A.E.F. Shell shock and gassed at Chateau Thierry. Decorated by the French Government with the "Croix de Guerre."

Sergt. Jack Winston, No. 55525, 19th Batt., Canadian Infantry, 2nd Canadian Contingent. Wounded in the right arm, left ankle and right knee. Shell shocked and buried; also gassed at second battle of Ypres.

F. G. McAvity, No. 91805, gunner of the 8th Battery, 1st Canadian Field Artillery. Wounded in the left foot, left thigh, left shoulder and gassed.

Private A. F. Edwards, No. 6857, 1st Batt., 1st Brigade, 1st Div., Canadian Inf. Wounded in the right hand, right arm and buried by shell.

Sergt. Alexander Gibb, No. 444476, 26th Batt., New Brunswick Regt., 2nd Canadian Contingent. Wounded in both legs, shell shocked and gassed at Ypres.

Sergt. T. S. Grundy, 15918, Royal Fusileers, Middlesex Regt., English Army. Wounded in shoulder at Ypres and gassed at Loos. Decorated by the British government with the "Mons Star." One of the first hundred thousand.

Private Jack Kneeland, No. 105, 43rd Co., 5th Regt., American Marines. Shrapnel wound in the head at Bellows Woods, wounded and gassed at Chateau Thierry.

Private Al. Barker, No. 118, 43rd Co., 5th Regt., American Marines. Shot in the knee and gassed at Chateau Thierry, bayonet wounds in booth feet at the Marne.

Sergt. Mark L. Nicholson, No. 3736, 10th Liverpool Scottish, B.E.F. Wounded in head at Dardenelles. Partially blinded and gassed, Hooge, France.

Private Jesse W. Wade, Dispatch rider No. 151023. Wounded by shrapnel in the shoulder in Flanders, wounded in the leg at Soisson, Veteran of the Mexican campaigns of 1914 and 1916. Seven times cited for gallantry by the French Government.

Private Arthur J. Lewis, No. 407936. Wounded severely at Ypres and also at Chateau Thierry. Veteran of the 8th Irish Battalion, King's Liverpool Regt., British Army.

Private John T. Miller, No. 122957, 96th Co., 6th Regt., U. S. Marines. Wounded in the knee by a machine gun at Bourches. Regt. received eleven citations on the field with the French legion of honor.

Private George Oxton, 10th Batt., C.E.F. No. 81680. Wounded at Festubert, Bel. Right leg amputated at hip.

Sgt. John Michael Teehan, No. 21748, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons ("Irish Die Hards"). Stomach wound at Nieuport, Bel., 1914. Head wound at Neuve Chappelle, 1915; also gassed. Eight ribs and back broken at Monastir, Syria, 1916. Face and hands wounded in Palestine, 1916. Has lost eight brothers and two sisters (Red Cross nurses) in this war. Decorations: Mons Star and two India service ribbons.

Sgt. Frederick Ralph Muir, No. 81611, 10th Batt., C.E.F. Wounded at Festubert. Leg amputated at the knee.

Sergt. E. D. G. Aylen, No. 475337, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry ("Princess Pats"). Blinded in right eye at Hooge. Wounded in left shoulder.

It is the hope of the authors that "What The Boys Did Over There" will give to its readers, some idea of real conditions in the field, and bring to those of us who remained at home a realization of the debt we owe to the men who have suffered for us.

EDITOR.

PRIVATE JESSE W. WADE

MY EXPERIENCE AS A DISPATCHER

By Pvt. Jesse W. Wade, No. 151023,
Dispatch Rider, A.E.F.

I enlisted in the U. S. Army some five years ago, and have had continuous service ever since. Being in the army before the war broke out enabled me to know something about both sides of army life, but peace times and war times are as different as day and night. One war is enough for any man, so now I am ready to settle down, but, before I do, I will endeavor to tell you some of my experiences in this great war "Over Seas."

Being already in the army, but in a branch of the service that was not likely to go over among the first, I volunteered to go with the first contingent as a dispatcher. We started the first leg of our journey across the Atlantic, and then we began those anxious nights of watching for submarines—and that awful sea sickness for some twelve days. At last we set our feet on solid ground again and started our long journey across France, in some French cattle cars

marked eight horses or forty men. About three days in one of those, and one really believes there is a war going on somewhere. We were all very much disappointed when we were all landed a long way from the Front, and told we would stay there until we were trained in modern warfare; but all being blue-blooded Americans we took it very easy, building camps and getting things ready for the other boys that were coming.

The small village near our camps was full of our boys every night. Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne was selling at 2½ Francs per quart (49c. U. S.). It wasn't very long before our boys were taking baths in champagne. After having a few weeks of camp life there were fifty men picked out, to go to the English front, to receive instructions in modern warfare. I was among the lucky ones, and then the *fun* of war began. We were sent to one of the most active British fronts, and there we lived in the trenches night and day for two months.

There I began to realize that Sherman's words were only too true. Anyone who never had the misfortune to be in Flanders, up around Ypres, at the time, will never know the hardships that the British, and a few Americans had to go through. We stood it wonderfully well,

though. We could have enjoyed ourselves much more on Broadway. But the French say "cest la guerre" (It's the war).

We had been in the trenches some three weeks before we had the opportunity of going "Over the Top." One's feelings the first time he goes over the top can never be known to anyone but himself. One will be dozing on the firing step, and the platoon leader comes around and whispers in your ear to get ready. The time is set for 1.13 A. M. You can hardly talk above a whisper for the least noise draws fire from the enemy. As the time draws near, you look at your watch and see that you have only seven or eight minutes. Yet, you almost sink down and it seems as though the bones have gone out of your legs and back. The time is getting short, and at last the big guns open up, and something just seems to push you up and over. Before you are aware of what is happening you are out on "No Man's Land," acting like a veteran. After one or two of these successful raids you do not think war is so bad after all. It is real fun, but you have not seen enough of it yet. Tommie says: "Wait till you have three years of it and you'll be bloody well sick of it, Sammy." One year was enough to make me sick of it. Another very pleasant job is to crawl out on "No

Man's Land" some dark night on patrol, dragging yourself along on the ground, an inch at a time, for fear of being heard and fired upon, and just as you think everything is going fine you run over a twig and break it. It snaps and sounds like a ton of dynamite going up, and then they send up a star-shell to light up "No Man's Land," and you begin to say your prayers.

Then all is quiet again and you finish your work and feel your way back to the trench. There is never a happier moment than when you drop back in your own trench, safe and sound, among friends. It was on one of these patrols that I got my first wounds. I was sent out about 1.30 A. M. with a patrol of English to do some very ticklish work, and, in cutting our way through some wire entanglements, the wire snapped and made a ringing noise and the Germans opened up on us, throwing everything at us but their shoes. We were giving them a receipt for all they sent us until, all at once, I began to feel sick and my arm became numb. I almost collapsed, but I knew that that was no place to act like a girl and faint, so I began crawling back toward our trench. It was hard to do only having one hand free, but at last I crawled into the trench where I found another horror waiting. Our trench was full of gas and

I did not have my gas mask on and as I got one breath of it I was finished, and the next thing I knew I was back in a nice little bed, between two white sheets, with a little blonde nurse smiling down at me. I thought that I had died and that I was in heaven until I heard a Tommy say:

"Where in Hell is me 'Fags'," and then I knew I was not in heaven, but was not sure I was alive yet. At last I found out I was, for, about thirty minutes later, the gas began to make me sick. Gas sickness is the worst sickness in the world.

After three weeks in bed I was getting along fine and was sent to a convalescent hospital. There we had the time of our lives, for two weeks, when we were sent back to duty. It was just like a homecoming to get back with our own boys again after everyone thought you were dead. Everything ran along smoothly for awhile until I was detailed as a dispatch rider, one of the most dangerous jobs in the army.

The average term of a dispatcher's life is just twenty-three minutes, so you can't blame me for taking out $10,000 worth of life insurance. At first it was not so dangerous, for our troops had not yet taken over any part of the line, but we had to make trips to the front every day or

two. At last we were ordered into the line and took over a sector of our own, and a prouder bunch of boys was not to be found. We were then doing what we had come over to do. Everything was quiet for the first few months, except for an occasional raiding party. We spent the hardest winter I ever put in, or ever want to, and if it had not been for the "cooties" we should have frozen, but they kept us scratching and moving and kept our blood in circulation. At last spring came and things become more active as we were getting more men on the front. On the 18th day of July, 1918, it was just like turning out a bunch of hungry lions, for they turned us loose, and said "go get them." We have been "getting them" ever since. At Chateau Thierry we began driving them back so fast that they threw the Prussians and Bavarians at us; all big fellows six foot and over, and very wicked fighters. Being a dispatch rider I was around some point of the line most all the time, and had the opportunity to go over the top with the boys when not otherwise occupied. Once in awhile the dispatch riders would be given twenty-four or forty-eight hours off during which we could do as we pleased. Most of us went up in the line, and over the top with the boys, or those who had any qualifications as

a shot, would go out with a sniping squad which was very interesting as well as dangerous. At one time I had the pleasure of going up in an observation balloon, and seeing the fighting from the German side. I have seen with my own eyes German officers driving their men into battle with a whip or the point of a gun. I have also seen some of the atrocities committed by the Hun in Belgium and along the borders of France. It just makes one's blood run cold to think of it, as some of you do. You ask why a boy wants to stand up and be shot down by those dogs? I'll tell you why. It is because he doesn't want his own mother, or sister, to be treated as the Belgians and French women and girls have been treated. Every man, woman and child owes his deepest respect to any boy who has done his bit in the world war.

Now to get back to the Battle of Chateau Thierry, and tell you a few of my own experiences. In that battle, one of the most thrilling experiences happened to me. The fight began at 3.30 A.M., July 26. I had just ridden up to a section of our line where the enemy had started a box-barrage, which it is almost impossible to get through alive and is almost like madness to attempt. At this time it was important that a certain message be delivered at the rear. Such

a message is sent with from to two six riders, so that one of them will be sure to get through. There were five of us there at the time, but, owing to the fact that I had just come back from a trip, the message was sent by the other four riders. We watched them, but not one of them got through the barrage. Then the commander looked at me, and I looked at him. He didn't say anything but his look had words in it, written in big letters, saying:

"It's up to you."

I'll admit that I was scared. Not the cowardly kind but a different kind of fear. I once heard a general say that a soldier's life was made up of four parts—"Smiles, and tears, Profanity and prayers," and I think I executed all four of them at the same instant. It was only a delay of a few moments as he had the fifth message already written out, and in his hand, so I jumped on my machine, grabbed the message from his hand, and was gone before he knew what it was all about. I delivered the message without a scratch, but I think I was insane at the time; for it all seems like a dream. It was nothing short of a miracle. The fighting was very heavy for some days after that, and there was a similar case that occurred shortly afterward. This time I was the only rider at hand and I had to

go. But rather than take another chance with the barrage I could go across a corner of "No Man's Land," and circle around to the left. This avoided the barrage, but I had to face the enemy machine gun fire, which was very heavy. I started out on my last trip, as a dispatcher, and was not seen until going over a slight rise, when the enemy saw me. They opened up on me and threw everything at me but iron crosses. The machine gun was the worst, but after three minutes of hard riding, over rough ground, shell-holes and craters, I was out of range of the machine guns. Then they began throwing the larger guns at me. My machine was riddled with bullets. The engine was about out of commission, but as I was through the worst of it and was shaking hands with myself on how lucky I had been, I realized that I had been hit in the leg and after the excitement had died down, I was so weak, I could not sit on my machine again. Good luck came along in the shape of a Frenchman and he helped me to headquarters some 500 yards away. I delivered the message and then collapsed and a few days later awoke in a French hospital in Paris. Since then have been having the time of my life, and am back in the dear old U. S. now, almost well but willing to go through it all again for the same cause.

J. W. WADE.

SERGT. "JACK" WINSTON

BRINGING IN A "SNIPER"

An incident of the Battle of Kemmel Hill, as told by SERGT. "JACK" WINSTON, 55525, 19th Battalion, Canadian Infantry, 2nd Canadian Contingent.

About two hours before dawn on the morning of Oct. 8th, 1915, my company were in a sector of the front line trenches near Kemmel Hill. My comrades were taking their ease as we had been in comparative quiet for the previous three days. They were variously employed. Some writing home, others idly smoking, the signal man lounging in the dugout, near his telephone instrument, and sundry others doing their bit toward cleanliness by removing "cooties" from their shirts. Our lieutenant was looking hard across No Mans Land through the trench periscope, and I wondered what was keeping him so long looking at a spot I thought we all knew by heart. He stood there perfectly immovable for at least fifteen minutes, while several "star-shells", fired both from our own lines and the German trenches, flared and died.

Finally he turned to me and whispered, "Jack, I do not remember that dead horse out there yesterday. Take a look and tell me if you remember seeing it before." I looked at the spot indicated and sure enough there was a dead horse laying at the side of a shell-hole where I could have sworn there was nothing the day before.

I told the lieutenant I was sure that nothing had been there on the previous day, and waited for further orders. German snipers had annoyed us considerably and as they took great pains in concealing their nests we had little success in stopping them. Several casualties had resulted from their activities. The lieutenant had evidently been thinking, while taking his long observation, for he said almost at once: "I believe that nag is a neat bit of camouflage. One of those Huns is probably hidden in that carcass to get a better shot at us."

He then told me to have the men at the portholes fire at the carcass, at five second intervals, to keep Fritz, if he were there, under cover—and taking advantage of the dark interval between the glare of the star-shells, he slipped "over the top", having told me he was going to get that Hun.

Imagine my suspense for the next half hour.

I kept looking through the periscope but for fully fifteen minutes I could not find my officer. Finally I spotted him sprawled out apparently dead as a star-shell lit up the ground within the range of the periscope. As no shot had been fired, except from our portholes, I knew he was not as dead as he seemed. And sure enough when next I could make him out he was several yards ahead, and to the left, of the spot where I had last seen him. Then I knew what he was after. He was making a detour to approach the carcass from the rear, and as he could only move in the dark intervals between star-shells his progress was, of necessity, slow. At the end of another fifteen minutes I located him in a position, as nearly as I could judge, about ten yards in the rear and just a step to the left of the carcass. I then thought it time for me to take a hand, and give him what help I could.

Running into the signal man's dugout I told him to call for a barrage, giving the range at, approximately, thirty yards behind the point at which the carcass lay.

I then jumped back to the periscope only to see, by the next flare, that the lieutenant was no longer in sight. Leaving the periscope I selected three men, whom I was sure I could trust, and, by the time I had brought them to the firing

step, the barrage from the guns in our rear for which the signal man had telephoned, began to fall.

Quickly explaining to the men what I had in mind, that we were going to help the lieutenant, I was about to give the order to go over the top, when another man, who had overheard, begged me for permission to accompany us, and as I had need for some one to repair the barbed wire, which the lieutenant had cut on his way out, I gave him the job together with permission to go with us.

After a few words of instruction to the corporal, who, during my absence, was left in command of our sector, we went silently "over the top" at the point where the lieutenant had preceded us.

The barrage had by this time aroused the curiosity of the enemy and they were replying with a brisk shelling of our lines, and the batteries that were laying down the barrage.

We advanced at a walk and were fortunate enough to find the place where our lieutenant had cut his way through our barbed wire. There I left my volunteers with the necessary tools to repair the wire, after we should have passed through it, on our return.

It was now beginning to get light enough for

us to see several yards in either direction around us, and after moving forward about fifty yards beyond the wire, we ran straight into the lieutenant, who was driving the Hun before him at the muzzle of his automatic.

We wasted no time on the return journey but hustled "Fritzie" along at a brisk pace.

Just as we had passed back through the barbed wire, a piece of shrapnel struck my volunteer in the shoulder, and I was forced to stop, and leave a man to complete the repairs on the wire, while I helped the wounded man back to the trenches. The remaining men, who had started with me, had remained with the lieutenant and his prisoner, and we found all safe in the trench on our arrival.

My wounded man proved to be not seriously hurt and the man who remained to mend the wire also returned unhurt.

When all were safe in the trench, the lieutenant called off the barrage and the enemy in our front was doubtless wondering what it was all about, until the sniper, who as the lieutenant surmised, was hidden in the camouflaged carcass, returned no more.

The lieutenant had arrived at a point about five paces behind the Hun before the sniper discovered him, and then had him covered with

his automatic. Like most of his breed there was a wide "yellow streak" in this baby-killer and he cried "Kamerad" instantly. By the time the lieutenant had secured his prisoner's rifle our barrage was falling and under its protection, he began his march back with the prisoner, and met us before he had gone twenty-five yards. The rest you know.

The prisoner expected to be killed at once and begged piteously for his life, saying "he had a wife and three children." One of the men replied that if he had his way he would make it a "widow and three orphans."

Needless to say he did not have his way, and for all I know that sniper is still eating three square meals per day in a prison camp.

ON THE FLANDERS FRONT

By Sgt. Jack Winston

It was in November, 1915—we were at Kemmel Hill, when the wet weather started in. I remember one night I was sent out of the trenches to the Dump, near the dressing station, for rations. We had no communication trenches then, owing to the heavy shelling we were getting from the German artillery, and we never had the guns to come back at them. We had to go out at dusk through the fields, known to us as "overland." We got down to the dump all right, but coming back the Germans saw us, and they turned three machine guns on us. I was about fifty yards from the front line when the barrage started. My pal was just behind me. About four yards from us was an old French trench, with about three feet of water in it. I jumped into that with my pal. The Germans kept the barrage up for about a half an hour and as soon as it stopped I made my way for the front lines.

Just imagine what condition I was in when I reached there. I was soaking wet, but the

rations were worse. Well, anyhow I had to do my sentry duty, just the same, because if one man was shy those days it put all the work on some of his comrades. I could not get a change of clothing so I took off my pants and wore my blanket like a Scotchman would his kilts. It's wonderful to me the hardships a man can contend with. We could get very little water up the front line and water means an awful lot to a man over there. Well, there was a creek running from the German front line across No Man's Land and into our trench, and coming over No Man's Land it ran over quite a few dead bodies. We were told by our medical officer not to drink this water because the Huns might have put poison into it. But we had to get water some place, so we all took a chance and drank it, and I am still alive and just as good as ever.

We were in the trenches for six days at a time. What good times we used to have when we were out in our billets. It was there we used to get the chance to have a good feed from the Belgian peasants. "Eggs and chips" was our favorite dish. Even when the men are out of the trenches they have to be ready in case of an attack. One night we got the orders from the front line that the trenches had caved in

and, of course we had to go up and help the boys build them up again.

It was this night, while carrying up sand bags, a bullet struck my right arm. I made the front line all right, but as soon as I was dressed by the stretcher bearer I was sent back to the dressing station to the medical officer to receive attention. I was then sent to the field hospital, and the next day I was removed on an ambulance train, and sent to the base hospital in Etaples. I might state that this hospital was an American hospital. How wonderful it was to me to find myself back in a nice white bed again. I was there for two weeks and then sent to a convalescent hospital for another week.

At the beginning of December I found myself on the way back to the front line. Of course all my pals who were still there were glad to see me again; but believe me it was hard to leave that nice white bed and go back "somewhere in the mud." I made the best of it. I knew I was doing my duty, as every soldier does.

I had quite a few narrow escapes after that. One day as I sat in the trench, a German high explosive shell hit the next boy to where I was and when they explode they throw up with them all loose stuff that is in their reach. This one threw up an old French bayonet which missed

my head by about two inches, but as long as it did not hit me I should worry.

Our routine there was, six days in the front line, six in the billets and six in the reserve. The only thing I did not like about the reserve was, that the poor fellows that got killed in the trenches, if there was anything left of them, to give a decent burial, were brought out of the trenches at night and put into an old barn near the dressing station, until the next morning for burial. It was our duty to watch the bodies so that the rats would not eat them. Just imagine, about six fellows laying in an old barn all riddled with bullets and shrapnel, and the wind blowing, and the rain coming through, and to go and look at these poor fellows with a flash light. Some with their heads and arms blown off—but we had to do it.

From Kemmel Hill we were moved in March, 1916, to St. Eloi where we put up a good scrap against heavy odds. I pulled through that all right. I remember we took some prisoners. There was a little Scotchman in my company who was always looking for souvenirs and he brought a big German down the trench and made a grab for his hat. The Dutchman made a grab for it and said:

"If you want to catch a cold, I don't."

I thought that was very funny but Jock did not.

From there we moved to the Somme and it was here that the first British tanks were used. I got it again on the morning of September 15 from a German high explosive, was buried, receiving shell shock and some wounds. A few days later found myself in a hospital and had a wonderful time, but I found that the doctors would not let me go back to France so I was returned to Canada.

I was in Canada two weeks when I came over to the good old U. S. A. to help recruiting for the British and Canadian Army. I have worked on the Liberty Loan drives, Red Cross, Knights of Columbus and all other drives to keep the boys over there. One thing, to my sorrow, during the fourth Liberty Loan drive was that I sold all the buttons of my overcoat to each person who bought a five hundred dollar bond. The only thing that worried me was that I never had enough buttons, but as we all know a fellow would not want to have two or three hundred buttons on his coat to fasten. I only wish I was in France to stay to the finish, and come back with the rest of the boys who are left.

PRIVATE "AL" BARKER

A "DEVIL DOG'S" STORY

By Private Al. Barker, No. 118, 43rd Company, 5th Regiment, U. S. Marines

The U. S. declared war upon Germany April 6, 1917. I was going to college at the time. I went to spend a week-end in New York City and happened to be in Union Square where recruiting of soldiers, sailors and marines were taking place. A captain of the U. S. Navy was speaking on patriotism. As I stood there and listened a thrill went through me and I decided to enlist at once. I chose the marines because they were always the "first to fight." I was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, for my training, where I spent three months, and on August 12, 1917, I was sent to Quantico, Va., for my overseas equipment. On August 21, 1917, I sailed for France.

The trip across was a very eventful one as we were twice shot at by submarines but we succeeded in eluding them. Nine days later we arrived at Brest, France, where we were all stationed in barracks. My first real training

began in France; drilled from morning to night, together with such things as trench digging, bayonet fighting, grenade throwing and all other things necessary to an American marine. This lasted about three months. My first real encounter occurred when we were ordered to the Belgian Front with Australian Anzacs. There I had my first glimpse of the Germans. We battled with them for twelve hours and I received a bayonet thrust in my right foot which laid me up for three weeks, and I was sent to base hospital No. 3 near St. Lazarre. After I recovered I was again sent to the Belgian Front where, in the next encounter with the Germans, I was captured and sent to a prison camp, built in the German trenches. I was there with eight other marines, for twenty-one days, when a French air squadron descended upon the Germans and killed or wounded all of them. A French aviator, I do not recall his name, took me in his machine and we flew 102 miles to the French forces.

Being weak from loss of blood and sleep I was kept there a week, and then sent back to my own company. My fellow-marines had given me up for dead, and were more than overjoyed to see me. A few days later I was selected as a sniper with a few others, and we advanced

to a point as near the Germans as possible. Together with another marine, Jack Kneeland, who later saved my life, I climbed a tall tree as near as possible to the German trenches and stationed myself there very comfortably.

We could see the Germans setting machine guns in position to be used against our forces. We both had our rifles and plenty of ammunition, so we began to pick off the men who were operating the machine gun. These machine guns are the most disastrous and dangerous things in warfare. We succeeded in putting four of these guns out of commission when we were discovered by German snipers, and had all we could do to defend ourselves. I received a bullet wound in my knee and fell twenty feet to the ground. The other marine, Kneeland, quickly descended and protected me with his own body, and although he received three bullets he carried me to safety. As we were far from any hospital we were treated in the trenches to the best of the abilities of the doctors there.

We had Germans all around us, and, although we kept up a heavy fire, we could not persuade them to come out and fight us as men. They preferred trying a means to defeat us which insured their own safety, and that was to try

to starve us out. For six days we lived on hard black bread, and dirty water. Our commander, previous to this, had sent out a marine, who had volunteered, to get through the German lines and bring us help. We never dreamed that he would succeed in getting through, but on the seventh day we saw several black specks in the air but thought nothing of them until they came close, and we saw that they were American airplanes come to our assistance. The flyers descended as low as possible and threw us food in water-proof canvass bags. They also dropped bombs on the Germans and then flew away after promising to send a company of marines to our rescue. This promise we found in a note contained in one of the bags of food. It also told us to keep up our courage as we would surely be saved. All this time I was laid up with the wound in my knee, but I could hear our boys firing at the enemy, and they had all they could do to keep me in bed. Five days later I was aroused by an attendant and was told that an American scout had succeeded in making his way into our trenches, and told us that our relief was on its way, and would be here at any time. I felt much stronger after I heard this news and felt that I could fight the biggest German and finish him.

The detachment of marines arrived after we had been in these trenches for sixteen days. We now outnumbered the Germans so we speedily put them to flight. After the conflict we counted 421 German dead bodies and we also took 1200 prisoners. Our loss was 62 dead and 30 slightly wounded. We were then sent to a rest camp where we spent two weeks, and I had my wound treated. At the end of our two weeks I was able to walk about, and was sent to the western front near Cambrai where the Germans were gaining, and we were instructed to stop them.

This time we did not fight from the trenches but in the open field, and there were plenty of human targets for both sides. It was a terrible battle; shells were bursting in the air, cannons were roaring and there were loud reports every time a shell hit the dust. I was operating a machine gun, and, as a machine gunner's life on a battlefield only lasted an average of twelve minutes, it must have been a miracle that saved me from being killed. My other two comrades were killed immediately and I was left alone to operate the gun. A German sniper took a shot at me but instead of hitting me he put my gun out of order. That left me with only a revolver, and drawing this I kept popping away at every German I saw. At last we were given

the order to advance and for the third time I went over the top to glory. As we pressed on the enemy gave way little by little, and by twelve o'clock, at noon, (the battle had started the day before at the same hour), we had either killed or taken all our opponents prisoners. We were then given a much needed rest. We spent a month in a rest camp and were then sent to Chateau Thierry about forty miles from Paris, where we engaged in a battle which proved to be the turning point of the war. I think I shall remember this fight all my life. We had drawn up all our ammunition trains, food supplies and other munitions and were gathered around our campfires telling stories. At a little past midnight we were told to get ready. I was in the second division and we were ordered to advance first. Suddenly someone fired a shot; whether it came from our lines or the enemy I did not know. The battle had begun. With two hundred others I was cut off, and we found ourselves surrounded by the enemy. It was all hand-to-hand fighting, and more than once, I felt a hand creep to my neck, or a cold blade touch my face, but always managed to ward it off. Five hours of hard fighting still found us in the midst of the Germans. Whispering a few words to my nearest companion, we made a

dash and cut our way through the thick masses of the enemy. Having no cover, we gathered together the bodies of German dead and piled them one upon the other and used them as protection against our enemies. While here a gas bomb exploded and I fell back unconscious. When I came to myself I was aboard a ship bound for the good old U. S. A. As I was so badly gassed that I would no longer be useful as a fighter, they were sending me *home*. I made a good recovery and I thank God for my life.

That is my story, and if I had to go through it again I would do it gladly for my country and the flag.

CORPORAL FRANK SEARS

THE HUN I WAS SURE I "GOT"

By Corp. Frank Sears, Co. A, 9th Inf., 2nd Div., A.E.F.

It was sometime last April, 1917, when we got the order we were going over. Our artillery opened up with a full barrage. We took the right flank, and another regiment of Infantry took the left. The Marines took the centre. We had been told time and time again if we had to use the bayonet to pull it out quick. But somehow or other I was doubtful about that. We were having a real American hand to hand fight with them when I got my eye on one, something we very seldom do. Just as I got near him he threw his gun down, and his hands up, and yelled: "Kamerad, Kamerad." I said "Kamerad," "Hell," and became so excited I gave him a long jab with my old American bayonet and hesitated before making an attempt to pull it out. When I tried to, it was too late for it was wedged in too firmly. I put my foot on him and pulled and pulled but the body lifted right up with the bayonet so I thought I'd try my

luck without a bayonet. I released the bayonet from my rifle and left it as an American souvenir to the Fritz; one which he will never be able to appreciate. This is all I remember of that battle.

IN THE VERDUN SECTOR

By Corp. Frank Sears

In the winter of 1917 we found ourselves marching along a little road somewhere in France. It was cold and dismal and the hail came down in sheets, but we marched on and on. I looked at the fellow alongside of me and could not tell whether he was ready to laugh or cry. There was not much talking en route. I didn't feel much like talking myself and couldn't understand what made me feel so downhearted. It was the day we all looked and hoped for our chance in the battle. When we took over our sector, one kilometer from St. Mihiel, the French told us it was a quiet sector and to keep it that way. The first four days we did not care how quiet it was so long as we were allowed down in the dugouts. The shells whizzing past our heads annoyed us a little, it being our first experience. It took us a few days to become accustomed to our new home and the noise of bursting shrapnel. We knew we were not going to stay there long. In the American

Army we never do linger long in one place as there is no retreat in our army.

There was only one direction for us to follow and that was toward Berlin.

The idea of the French telling us to keep Verdun sector quiet amused us, for, while we had no desire to start anything for a few days, there wasn't a "yellow" man in our bunch. Yet we hesitated, before we became accustomed to the noise, to take our first chance at, what we termed, slaughter. However one night, about seven days after we took over our sector with the French Army, a Fritz sent over one of his 77's shrapnel shells which wiped out our entire mess shack. That was a bad mistake on Fritzie's part for it was a serious offense for anybody to tamper with the Sammie's "chow." No matter how hard a night he has spent he will always get up an appetite where there is anything to eat. That night we formed a raiding party. We crept out of the first line trench with three squads. It was our first entry into No Man's Land and we had heard so many strange tales about this place, we shied at everything we saw. We split up into squads. Our password was to knock three times on the helmet. So we parted. I went off to the right with a squad. Each man covered his ground, trying to find out whether the Hun had

any intention of making a raid next day. The trenches are protected by barbed wire fences and when the Huns intend going over the top they cut the wires on the previous night, and it was our duty to find out whether or not these wires had been cut. The barbed wire was O. K. on the ground we covered, so we started back to meet the other squads. We did not go far, for about ten feet away, we heard a noise, which is something unusual on a raiding party in No Man's Land. We stopped short and looked at each other. We did not know what to do, for, as I have said, this was our first experience. One of the boys said to me, "Give them the signal." I knocked three times on my helmet, but received no reply, so one of the boys said he would creep over and investigate; but it wasn't necessary, because just then a sky rocket went up into the air. Every soldier knows that this means to get under cover quickly for the rocket would light up the sky and make nice targets of us for "Fritz." Luckily for us there was a shell hole to jump into, for as soon as we laid low, there came the "pop," "pop," "pop," of the German machine guns. We laid there in the mud, through what seemed to us like an eternity, but which was in reality only about two hours. However, luck was with us, and we finally

crawled out of our hiding place and arrived behind our own lines once more.

Editor's note:—For his gallantry in this raid, of which he says nothing in the above article, Corp. Sears was awarded the "Croix de Guerre" by the French Government.

—H. L. F.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES

By Corp. Frank Sears

Life in the trenches is made up of "cooties," "rats," "mud" and "gas masks."

We had heard from fellows who had been there before us what we thought were jokes about "cooties" and trench rats, but it was no joke to me when I looked, for the first time, at a rat almost as big as a cat. It was lying in my bunk and I heard it squeal. Looking down I had my first view of a trench rat. I threw a heavy hob-nailed shoe at him and he merely changed his position and looked around to see who had interrupted him. After that it wasn't strange to wake up and find him running across you. But I will say that if it were a matter of choice, I would select a hundred rats in preference to two cooties, for the cootie is an unreasonable bird, and when a Sammie has come back from the lines exhausted, he lays down in the hopes of snatching a few hours sleep before being called on; but the cooties have no respect

for Sammie and they pester him until he has no more idea of sleep, only to start in and hunt for the "cooties" that are annoying him.

You have all more or less had fever, but I guess there are none of you, over here, who knows of the "mud fever." We all used to shy at mud, during the rainy season in the year 1917. After a heavy storm the boys hated to go out to drill, as the mud got so bad there that the only way of getting out from the drill was by going on sick report in the morning. I remember the morning six Buddies and myself went over to the infirmary. I happened to be the first one in line. The doctor came up to me and said:

"What's your trouble?"

At first I said, "I don't know, Sir," and he said:

"Well, what are you doing here if you don't know? Where do you feel sick?"

And I told him all over. So he called the pill roller over and told him to take my temperature. I sat down and the pill roller put the glass tube in my mouth, which always "balled the detail up." He then held hands with me for awhile and I asked him what he was doing. He told me he was taking my pulse. He then gave the final report to the "skipper" who came to me and said, "You have the 'mud fever'." He

then turned to the orderly and said, "Give him two C.C. pills and mark him "DUTY." That's how I happened to get over the mud fever. We became so used to mud, up in the lines, that if our chow did not have some mud, or muddy water, in it we could not digest it. It was just a case of mud all over: eat, drink, sleep and wash in mud.

And now for the "old reliable," which tortured us while wearing it, but without which we should have been lost. The gas mask!!!

We were not fortunate enough to have ever received the American gas masks and have never seen one over there. The first two American divisions received English, and French, masks. The English mask looks like a false face with two big glass eyes, and a nose clip which resembles a clothespin, and keeps the gas from going through the nostrils. There is also a tube which goes into the mouth, with a hard piece of rubber on it to make it air tight. This mouthpiece is a long caterpillar tube which connects the mask to a tin can containing a chemical composition of charcoal, rocks, sand and other medical decoctions. There were times when we endured these masks from eighteen to thirty-six hours. Sometimes we would just get the order to take them off, and, thinking the danger passed,

would get ready to eat, when the command to put them on again would be given. This is done by means of horns at intervals along the whole line of the trenches. Each horn gives the signal which is repeated right through the lines. It is a wonderful relief after having a mask on a long time to be able to breathe fresh air again.

CORP. FRANK SEARS.

PRIVATE A. F. EDWARDS

TWO YEARS IN THE YPRES SALIENT

As told by PRIVATE ALBERT FRANKLIN EDWARDS, No. 6857, 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade, 1st Div., Canadian Infantry

I was born in Canada but had lived, virtually, all my life in the United States. I thought war was coming and returned to Canada to be ready to do my bit when the time arrived; and I was just in time; arriving in Toronto on August 3rd, 1914. On August 4th, 1914, I was at dinner with seven other boys when the word came that war was declared, and the whole eight of us determined to get in it without delay, so on the next day, August 5th, we enlisted in the Canadian dragoons.

After two weeks in the dragoons I was transferred to the infantry, went into training at Toronto, and afterward at Valcartier which occupied the next two months.

One Sunday morning we were called for parade and thought we were going to church but were notified we had to pack up for overseas service. We went to Montreal where we took

a boat down the St. Lawrence to Halifax. We there joined the convoy consisting of 33,000 men of the artillery and infantry.

We sailed for England on October 22nd, 1914, and as nearly as I can remember took about sixteen days to make the trip to Plymouth. Though slow, the voyage was without incident, worthy of mention.

We were, for some unknown reason, held five days in Plymouth Harbor before disembarking, and then they hustled us off to the training camp on Salisbury Plains where we had a miserable existence until February, 1915.

At Salisbury we drilled in mud and water that was at times waist deep, caused by the continuous rains and floods. It sure was fine training for the Flanders mud that we were to encounter later. The storms were so severe at times that tents and their contents were washed away.

As a result an epidemic of spinal meningitis hit the camp, and of the 33,000 who arrived at Salisbury 4,400 were stricken with this disease, only a few of whom recovered.

Editor's note:—These were the first Canadians to go overseas in the Great War.

H. L. F.

While at Salisbury I was granted my first leave and started for London, together with my pal, a boy named Frazer, who also had leave. We had three days absence from camp coming to us and they were "some three days."

We arrived in London at 5.15 P. M. and, in accord with English custom, had tea at once in the Corner House, Picadilly, where many soldiers congregated.

At the Corner House we received sixty-one invitations to the theatre and dinner for the next day. That night we attended the Princess Theatre where, as we entered, the orchestra played the Canadian anthem, "The Maple Leaf Forever." The audience cheered and we were forced to make a speech. You see we were the first Canadians the English people had seen who had come to do their bit. That night I lost track of Frazer.

After three wonderful days I returned to camp as my leave had expired. Frazer was not on the train with me and as a matter of fact did not arrive until twenty-four hours later. He was called before the Colonel for overstaying his leave, and, on being questioned, told the Colonel that just as he arrived at the R. R. station a band started playing God Save the King and he had

to stand at attention so long that he missed the train.

He was excused and returned to duty, but they do say there was a suspicious twinkle in the Colonel's eye as he dismissed him. I sometimes wish I had Frazer's powers of quick invention.

On February 3rd we left Salisbury encampment, en route for France, landing at St. Lazarre, thence by train to Hazebrouck and St. Omer where the fever laid me up in the hospital for about ten days.

I joined the Battalion again at Armentieres where we remained a few days and then went forward to Ypres. On April 22nd, 1915, we went into battle at Ypres and for the first time in history were called upon to meet a gas attack by the Germans.

Editor's note:—This was the first time this inhuman method of warfare was used by a supposedly civilized nation.

H. L. F.

At first we thought the gas we saw coming toward us was a bank of fog and it gave us no anxiety. It was at 4.30 P. M. that the Huns turned the gas on us, and I was fortunate to be in the first Battalion at a point where the gas was not so thick. The thickest part of the gas

swept over the 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th Battalions. Eighty-five per cent of the men who met this attack were more or less severely gassed. At points the gas was so severe that it turned the brass buttons, on the tunics of the men, green. Some of the men killed by gas fell, but some remained standing even in death so swift was its action.

Our artillery, although short of ammunition, were our main support in this action. Had the Germans forced a passage here the roads to Paris, Calais and the English coast would have been virtually open. There were 72,000 Germans opposed to 13,000 Canadian Infantry in this action, but the boys from Canada held fast.

The next day, April 23rd, a small fragment of shrapnel in my right hand sent me to the hospital in Boulogne. Fine treatment by the American doctors and nurses there soon had me in shape again and I was returned to the line through the Canadian base at Le Havre. Thence I went through Festubert to Givenchy where the old 1st Battalion went into battle with 919 men and six hours later over six hundred had made the great sacrifice. Minor casualties left us only one hundred and thirty-seven men able to answer roll call and several of these had to

go to the hospital on account of wounds received here.

The first week of July we went to Ploegstreet which we called "home" for a long time. We called Ploegstreet "home" because it was so peaceful. (The Germans dared not shell us as we were so close to their trenches that they were afraid of hitting their own men.) The shell craters through which our trenches ran was only thirteen yards from the trenches of the enemy, and we could hear the Saxons who opposed us singing songs in English which they all seemed to speak fluently.

One night I was on patrol when our party passed German patrol not five yards distant. Neither side dared fire for fear of starting the machine gun fire. One of the Saxons called out, "Hello Canuck, how's Quebec, Winnipeg and Vancouver?"

Evidently he had been in Quebec as he spoke of the St. Regis Hotel.

At Ploegstreet the British had started a "sap" 48 feet deep where a tunnel, with twenty-five galleries running off from it, undermined the town. It took two years to build and was planted with one hundred thousand tons of high explosive dynamite. When it was exploded it

blew up the entire town and also blew sixty-one thousand Huns "Hell, west and crooked."

This was the only way to take the position as the elaborate trench system of the Germans was practically impregnable. It was at Ploegstreet that the Huns "got our goat" by showing the wearing apparel of Belgian girls on the points of their bayonets.

After exploding the mine we explored the German trenches and found most wonderful underground living quarters for the troops fitted with every modern convenience.

We remained here three and a half months and then were moved to Kemmel to the C-4 trenches, where we spent the winter. Here I was taken sick and sent to the hospital at Bailleu, and returned to duty again at Cambrai, and thence went to St. Quentin.

Remained at St. Quentin until September 17, when I had a piece of shrapnel lodge in my arm and was burned by a shell while trying a dig out a comrade in a similar predicament, except that he died before we got him out. I was buried, but conscious, for four hours and twenty minutes, and I thought of every event of my life in that time. When finally rescued, the fresh air and reaction were too much for me, and I lost consciousness which I did not regain

until I was in England in the Dutchess of Connaught's Hospital. I had been sent there by way of Le Havre and remained six months in bed in a plaster cast. I was then returned to a hospital ship and taken to St. John, New Brunswick, where I received electrical and massage treatment. From St. John I went to the convalescent hospital at Fredericton, N. B., and was discharged on August 19th, 1918.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

As told by PRIVATE ALBERT FRANKLIN EDWARDS, No. 6857, 1st Batt., 1st Brigade, 1st Division, Canadian Infantry

One night in October, 1915, while on patrol, I found an officer, and a private, of the Prussian Guard, fooling around our wire entanglements. They had evidently been under our fire as the officer was suffering from three abdominal wounds and died as I was trying to drag him into our lines.

The private was a big fellow about six feet, three inches tall and was furious at being captured. As I had him at my bayonet's point he gave me no trouble, but when we arrived at our lines he took it out on the sentry by spitting at him and slapping him in the face.

We sat Mr. Prussian on the firing step and told him a few things that would not look well in this book, and he finally spoke in English, when we called the escort to get what information we could from him. He asked after some friends he had made at Columbia College, New York City, where he had been educated. He

told us that just before the war broke out he had been called back to Germany, supposedly to attend a military fete, as he was still subject to military service. He had no idea, he said, that he was going to be sent to war and he had been drugged and sent into battle, forced on by officers in the rear. After we had "pumped him dry" he was handed over, together with fourteen other prisoners, who were taken the same night, and sent to the cage, four miles to the rear. On the way to the cage he complained to a soldier, in the guard accompanying the prisoners, of the difficulty of marching through the mud, which was very deep. The guard told him he should be thankful that he was not in his (the guard's) place, as he had to walk back again.

I should have stated before that I cut off the buttons from the officer's uniform when he died and kept them together with his field glasses as souvenirs. I have them still as no one has claimed them.

MACHINE GUNNER GEORGE ECKHART

A MACHINE GUNNER'S STORY

By Machine Gunner George Eckhart, No. 165688, 1st M. G. Batt., 1st Div., A.E.F.

I enlisted in the service of my country April 6, 1917, when we declared war on Germany. I was sent to Fort Douglas, Arizona, in the same month, put in the 18th Infantry, Regular Army.

In June 4th, 1917, we got orders to pack up and leave for another camp, and one night when our train came to a halt I got up from bed and said to the boys:

"Boys, we are in Hoboken" and we all knew then where we were going.

We got on the transports the same night about eleven o'clock. There were a lot of sad faces watching their dear boys going "Over There" to fight to make the world safe for Democracy.

We sailed away from dear old America, June 14, 1917. When we passed the Statue of Liberty we watched her holding the light of freedom and strained our eyes as our transport moved out into the ocean for a last look at her, wonder-

ing if we would ever see that dear old Statue of Liberty again.

We had a pleasant, fourteen day trip across the ocean. And one bright morning we saw land. All the boys shouted "France, we have come to you." Four hours later we were beside our dock, and got off the boats. All the French people kissed us and were glad to see America come to help her sister republic.

The French people shouted "Vive la America." We shouted back "Vive La France." We had a big reception and the peasants took us around and showed us the villages.

We did not stay there long, but moved toward the front where we could hear the thundering of the artillery Barrages. We had two months of strenuous training with the French Blue Devils.

After completing our training period we got orders that we were going to go to the front. One day, before we left to undertake the biggest job in the world, our general (General Bullard) held an inspection, and gave us a talk.

He said, "Boys, you are going to tackle a real job tomorrow, and show the Huns what kind of stuff the Yanks are made of."

All of the boys yelled "We are with you general until the end. We are going to give them

Hell! and, we won't go back until it's over, over here."

The next day we were ready to move to the front. The Colonel gave the command, and we marched off. We had to walk fifty miles.

As we came nearer and nearer to the front, the guns were roaring and machine guns rattled away like fire. The first division, consisting of the 18th Infantry, 26th Infantry, 16th and 18th Infantry, started to sing, "Hail, Hail the Gangs All Here!" At last we arrived at the front. Our French comrades hailed us, and were surprised and overjoyed to see the Yanks coming to relieve them and give them a rest.

Company after company moved in and relieved the French division and as they moved out they bid us all the luck in the world.

This front was the Lorraine front, Luneville Sector. The next day, October 14th, 1917, our artillery fired the first shells into the German trenches.

The Germans got kind of restless and wondered who was facing them. They sent out a patrolling party to gather information. But we boys were a little too wise and our patrol party captured this German party and brought them in. When they came in our trenches they asked us who we were. I spoke up and said, "We are

Americans" and the German officer who spoke a little English said, "No! No! you are not an American. You are English in American uniforms." But they soon found out that we *were* Americans and we did "treat 'em rough!"

I was now transferred to a machine gun company and was on duty one night about 11.30. It was very cold. My loader Frank Martin and I were talking quietly about our dear homes across the sea. Suddenly the German machine guns opened up and we ducked down in our own gun emplacement and could hear the bullets hissing over our heads. Then it was silent again. We knew the Huns were getting restless so our signal captain sent up a "very light" which lights up No Man's Land. And we saw about 5,000 Prussian guards coming at us with bayonets fixed. I held fast to my trigger, waiting for orders.

The lieutenant came to me and said, "George, don't get nervous. We are going to get them in a trap." And I said:

"Lieutenant, do you think I will ever see the Statue of Liberty again?"

He said, "Cheer up, George, I will send the order soon."

So they fired another "very light" and there

they were 100 yards from where I was stationed. All was quiet. We kept still as mice.

Then suddenly a big red rocket went up which called for an artillery barrage and I heard the shells of our artillery firing behind the Germans so they could not go back to their own lines. This was followed by two red rockets, meaning direct fire from our own machine guns. And then I yelled, "Here's where the suicide club shines," and opened up.

We gave them all the "presents" they wanted. My machine gun was red hot, and my hands were burning, but I didn't mind that. We were going to get them and give them what they deserved.

We gave them "sweeping fire" and mowed them down like grass. Daylight came and there were the Prussian Guards in big piles, dead and wounded. We certainly did catch them in a trap.

That morning I went into the dugout and we boys sat around on bundles of straw and sang some songs and told stories and jokes.

When the mail man would come around with the letters from home, we would gather around him and listen for our names to be called.

The boys that got letters from their dear mothers had smiles on their faces and were happy, knowing their mothers were thinking of

them. And those that didn't get letters were sad and disgusted and would have tears rolling down their cheeks.

We stayed on that front two months. Christmas was on its way, and we went back for a rest. At Christmas time all the boys gave 10 francs (2 dollars, U. S. money) to give the little children of France, a real American Christmas.

After six days of preparation, we went to the Salvation Army hut and had a big entertainment. Elsie Janis was the chief entertainer. After the entertainment was over we all returned to bed.

The next day the church bells rang out and the little children ran about wild with joy. The Yankee soldiers gave the children candy, cakes, pies and other little presents and they could not get over it, as they never had a Christmas like that before.

Editor's note:—The simple pathos of this story so appealed to me, that, knowing no words of mine could so vividly depict the feelings of this hero, I have given it to the readers of the book without revision. I simply desire to add that the action which he describes in the above story was the first of the Great War participated in by American Troops.

H. L. F.

THE FALL OF CANTIGNY

By Machine Gunner George Eckhart

Before proceeding with my second story, I wish to state that Cantigny Village was the first town ever captured by the American Troops in this war, and also the first battle we ever had. My Division, the "First," known all over France as the "Black Jack" Division, was named after General "Black Jack" Pershing.

After leaving Lorraine Front and spending Christmas behind the lines, we were ordered to a more active front in Picardy, where some of the biggest battles have taken place during this great war.

We relieved the 2nd French Colonial Division and took over their sector. We faced the town Cantigny, which is situated twenty miles northwest of Montdidier.

This town was hard to take, as there were two Prussian Guard Divisions against one Yankee Division.

Our General said, "Boys, we are going to take that town and we will take it inside of seventy-

two hours." Us boys all felt proud and were ready to go "Over the Top" anytime the order came.

Jimmy Doyle, the loader on my machine gun, was the youngest boy in the Battalian, and he was kind of nervous when he knew we were going "Over the Top" in seventy-two hours. He sat down in the dugout, writing a letter to his dear mother, while the shells and shrapnel going over our heads. He expected a letter from his mother for three months but never received it.

So little Jimmie put in his letter, "Mother I am writing you this letter and it may be the last as I am going "Over the Top" for the first time, and I am going to do my bit even if I am only seventeen years old. I wrote you ten letters and you have not written me one, so mother dear, please write your little Jimmie a letter. Good bye and God bless you. Jimmie."

The seventy-two hours had come and it was growing dark. We had extra ammunition stacked beside our machine gun, ready to open fire on the Huns. "Little Jimmie" worked hard stacking up the ammunition. The Infantry was "standing to" waiting for the word.

Everything was quiet. We had five minutes to think of our people back home. "Little Jimmie" said to me:

"George, you were one of my best friends. I am a kid, but if I get killed, tell my mother I died for her and the Stars and Stripes."

The time had come and the French tanks had started their engines. The red rocket went up. Our artillery laid down their barrage and we opened rapid fire with our machine guns. "Little Jimmie" was feeding the gun like a veteran.

Shells were whistling all around us. The captains of all Infantry companies yelled "Over the Top with the best of luck and give them Hell. Up and at 'em, boys!"

And when they went over the boys yelled and cheered, rushing onward to the Hun trenches, "Remember the Lusitania," "Remember the Antilles," "Remember the U. S.," "Remember dear President Wilson and the stars and stripes."

They kept on gaining, facing death and danger. We followed them up with our machine guns. The Huns started with their artillery. They thought they could stop us but they couldn't. We always had our fighting spirit with us.

The German Prussian Guards came over to meet us. Our Infantry went at 'em, facing them. Some yelled, "Kamerad," but that didn't go with us. We gave them the cold steel instead. We

had 500 yards to go to before we could take Cantigny. "Little Jimmie" Doyle was working hard at the gun and he would say, "I wonder if my mother is thinking of me." We kept moving our gun and giving them all they wanted. All of a sudden "Little Jimmie" fell with a Hun machine gun bullet through his head. The blood was pouring down his cheek. I went to him, gave him my first aid packet with bandages, put it around his head,—but in vain. He was taking his last breath. He said:

"George, good bye, I knew this was my day."

He wanted to say a few more words, but could not. He lay still without breathing. He was dead, and he died with a smile on his lips. The poor lad was always happy and had a smile for whoever he met. "Little Jimmie" died for his country and died a man.

After taking Jimmie away I ran back to my machine gun. The Prussians were coming over, driving back the infantry. They overpowered us but the machine gunners all said: "We are going to hold this line until the Infantry gets reinforcements." We eight machine gunners were checking the Germans finally. Now and then we stopped firing. Then the Huns would rush at us, thinking that they had killed us but we were very much alive and as soon as they

advanced a hundred yards or so, we would open up our machine guns again and give 'em Hell. Four of the machine gunners were killed and it was up to the remaining four to hold them back until the Infantry came.

Our ammunition was getting low and I was shot through my leg by a high explosive shrapnel, but I kept on with my machine gun until our Infantry came up with the reinforcements, and went over with a yell and chased the Huns back and captured Cantigny. We got that town in two and a half hours.

My leg was bleeding and I had an awful pain but I stuck to it. We went into the Hun trenches, which we had captured, and there I was treated by the Red Cross dressing station and then we went in and brought out the German prisoners who were hiding in the dugouts, and cellars, of the town.

Then the Germans, who were driven back to their reserve trenches, wanted to get square on us, and fired over the poisonous gas. We got the signal and put our masks on, and kept them on for seventy-two hours. Mine was an old mask and it began to leak, until suddenly I fell, and was unconscious for twenty-four hours. When I awoke I was in the hospital, in a nice white bed such as I had not been in for ten months.

Oh! didn't I sleep. They couldn't get me up for anything.

I was nursed back to health, and, when I went back to the front, they had a great surprise for me. I was summoned to General Headquarters and there I was awarded the French war cross, or "Croix de Guerre," for heroism during the battle of Cantigny. We all sang the song of songs, "Over There," by the Yankee Doodle Boy, George M. Cohan. We used this song all the time when we would march into battle, and sang it again when we came out victorious.

Then I was sent home to dear America and my people were more than pleased to see me march in a hero from "Over There."

Then they had me talking for the Knights of Columbus drive, Liberty Loan; also the United War Work Campaign. The American people may well be proud when their sons and sweethearts come marching home victorious,—as they all fought well to make the world safe and a decent place to live in.

GEORGE ECKHART.

SERGT. T. S. GRUNDY

THE RETREAT FROM MONS

By Sergt. T. S. Grundy

I was one of the first 100,000 men of British Expeditionary Force, sent to Belgium in August, 1914. The great retreat from Mons and the different battles (rear guard actions), that took place afterward were some of the worst and fiercest actions that the British Forces ever fought. Of course we know that not so many guns were used and nothing like the barrage that is put down now-a-days, but it was hard and severe fighting with hardships that are no longer necessary to-day. The Lewis machine gun, and the new types today, were not known then. We went to the field with the old Maxim type used in previous warfare. Such was the equipment of the first 100,000 men of British Expeditionary Forces. Our forces were spread out on a twenty-two mile front. Just a mere handful of men, that, without a doubt, saved Europe from Prussian rule; although thousands do not realize this. If the enemy had known of the weakness of our forces he would have walked across Belgium

and France. However, the enemy underestimated our forces, and the stubborn and determined fight of, what the Kaiser called, England's "Contemptible Little Army" saved the situation. At Mons it was a case of, if the enemy broke through the line, there were no reserves to bring up, so, officer and man alike, we stood to the last. When the enemy broke through in certain parts of the lines—then came the hard fighting. "Fritz" would break through on the left flank and endeavor to cut us off, then came the time man after man went down, and, slowly, we had to retreat assisted by cavalry, against, literally speaking, hordes and hordes of Germany's best soldiers. Some companies were not so fortunate, being completely surrounded, and annihilated, or taken prisoners, very few escaping to tell the tale, and those that escaped to the woods had no rations, and lived like savages, on anything that could be found.

Unfortunately not many of these men are alive today, being afterwards captured by the enemy and killed by ill-treatment in interment camps, or starved to death in the woods. It was when the retreat was looking very serious, and no reserves forthcoming, that the most wonderful and thrilling incidents of the war occurred, and this is vouched for by all who were there. When

comrades were falling, one after the other, and the Germans advancing in great masses, Angels appeared from the skies and seemed to stop the approach of the enemy. They appeared to fall back temporarily in sheer disorder. This was only a temporary collapse, but it gave time for better preparations on our part, and this is what saved us from being wiped out, as reserves were forthcoming afterwards. An incident of the enemy's method of warfare by unscrupulous means, came to my notice. We would not have lost half the men we did, at Mons, if it had not been for this. It was the fault of a French colonel who was under the influence of his wife, a German woman, a spy of the German empire, and she so used her influence over her husband, that he kept back two or three regiments of reserves for three days, under the pretext of resting them, when they might have been up and probably saved the situation. This colonel was afterwards court-martialed and shot: Lord Kitchener coming from England to investigate this. We might not have lost the men we did but for this.

Our enemy as we have seen all through the war has used these unscrupulous methods. We lost 60,000 out of 100,000 1st B. E. F. Over half our army was taken prisoners, killed and wounded. Out of my battalion there were twenty-eight survivors—I being one of them.

After Mons came the great battle of Ypres, in which our regiment took part. Things were nearly always very brisk in this sector of the line. I remember one particular night, my chum and I were out on listening posts when my chum thought he saw the enemy advancing. I looked and could not see them. He started making a row, and I warned him to be quiet, but he didn't heed me, when suddenly he went down mortally wounded. I dived to the ground, and in diving my hands came in contact with a man who had probably been dead some days. This was not an unusual occurrence. About Sept. 15, when we were up at Ypres again there was a party of us who went on a bombing raid one night. Nearly every night a bombing party went out into "No Man's Land." At this particular time, however, we were returning from a bombing raid, perhaps without as much caution as usual, when a shell burst right among us, killing every man except myself and a chum, who was badly wounded. I, however, found I had escaped with but a few scratches, and taking along my chum who had a bad wound in the leg, managed, after much trouble, to return to our lines. My chum, not being able to walk, made it difficult for me. I had to carry him back, and to look out for "whizz-bangs," and avoid tumbling into shell

holes. The weather at this time of the year was very bad. Raw and cold weather, up to our knees in mud and water, stuck in the trenches, day after day, and week after week. Such is trench life in winter time. But when spring-time came again, then things started to "liven up." "Fritz" was at it again. Our battalion was up at Ypres Salient, where a terrific artillery duel was being put up at the time. Shells were dropping all around, star shells illuminated the skys, and the word was passed around for getting ready to go "Over the Top."

It was dawn, and, the rum ration having been handed around, the order was given, and over we went. Some were just up and over and down they went. I remember our captain was one of the first to fall. His words as he fell were: "Carry on Boys, don't mind me," and the boys carried on. All I could see before me was blood. It seemed as if I had no other object in mind but to kill. Such were my feelings as we went over. We hadn't advanced above 300 yards when a bullet whizzed too close for my liking, and, turning my head, I saw my chum fall, and dozens of others, but our orders were "carry on," and get our objective. Next our First Lieutenant fell and mustering us together, our remaining Lieutenant, a mere youth of eighteen

years, and a small handful of men, reached our position, not without severe loss of life. I remember one little incident. A German officer lying severely wounded, called in almost perfect English for a drink. One of the boys, (probably a little more human than some of us) went to give him a drink out of his water bottle. Then the Prussian officer drew his revolver and shot this boy. Those who witnessed the incident, I being amongst them, made short work of the Prussian beast, but this incident goes to show the Prussians' hate of his enemy.

The Saxon troops are the most civilized of the bunch. An incident of just the opposite, I witnessed down at the Somme. A wounded German soldier called for water to drink and one of our Tommies kind-heartedly went and gave it to him. They conversed for a minute or two. The German spoke in broken English. He said to the Tommy, as he undid his tunic and displayed a Salvation Army jersey, "I am a Salvationist," and the British Tommy replying said, "So am I." They shook hands and the German fell back dead. Never shall I forget the sights that I have seen in the trenches we took from the Boches. I remember, one particular trench, we took, we found a young girl about nineteen years of ago, who had one of

her eyes taken out, an ear cut off and her right breast severed. This was not an isolated case of the Boche's villainy. I personally witnessed, in a village in France and Belgium, the bodies of old men that have been crucified or slowly tortured to death. I have seen a little baby bayonetted to a doorpost and the bayonet left sticking in the body.

It was down at Loos that I was gassed. I have a recollection of the gas coming over and was unconscious for twenty-four hours, and had oxygen pumped into me. When I returned to consciousness I found myself in a hospital with a Red Cross nurse bending over me. Another sector of the line, I was in, was at Cambrai. (After my recovery from the hospital). Here we caught it pretty rough. It was the time that British Divisions were being drafted off to Italy, that things were lively. Several battalions were being marched off to Italy, when Fritz broke through part of our line down south, and advanced in mass formation. Then we were ordered to retreat. It was some retreat! Guns were left, ammunition dumps not blown up, and we retreated about thirty miles. Our losses there were great. However, in small counter-attacks and skirmishes, which our battalion took part in, we captured

quite a few prisoners. I was quite surprised to notice how young some of these German soldiers seemed. Not more than seventeen years of age. In the early part of 1918 I was up in Ypres again where one night we had after severe fighting, and recaptured a few hundred yards. I was just standing around in the captured trenches, when a shell burst and a piece of shrapnel caught me. Down I went, to awake once more in a hospital, where the boys were all content and happy, in spite of wounds. So was I, especially when I heard I was for "Blighty" once again.

SERGT. T. S. GRUNDY.

SERGT. ALEXANDER GIBB

MY SERVICE IN FLANDERS

By Sergt. Alexander Gibb, No. 444476, Co. A, 26th Batt., N. B. Regt., Canadian Inf.

In the month of October, 1914, the second Canadian Division was being formed. I being too young at that time, could not enlist, but in the month of February, 1915, I did enlist with the 55th Battalion. The commander of that Battalion was Lieut. Col. Kirkpatrick. It was in the month of March of the same year, that our regiment went into camp at Sussex, N. B. Every day of our life in camp was work, day and night, but of course our battalion found time for their sports; even if we did have to work very hard during the day.

In the beginning of June of that year, there was a call came, to our regiment, for volunteers to go overseas, with the 26th Battalion, which is now known as the Famous Fighting 26th; at that time under command of Lieut. Col. McAvity, better known as "Col. Jim." Of course I was eager to get over and do my bit. I was one of the many who volunteered. It was

in the most unlucky day of that month, June 13th, 1915, that the 26th sailed on the transport, Caledonian, for an unknown port in England. As the transport moved from the pier amid cheering crowds, the boys were happy and gay.

Our voyage across the pond was uneventful, only we were all given life belts which we had to wear all the time of our trip, and of course we had our life boat drill, which took place in the morning after our physical training. The afternoon was spent in sports of all kinds, boxing, running, etc., etc. We did not come in contact with any U-boats and I might say we had very little seasickness on board. Our trip of nine days was the most enjoyable trip I have ever had on the water. When we were a few miles from our landing place, away off in the distance, we could see two destroyers coming toward us. At first we thought they were "Fritzies" but as they came nearer we found them to be British destroyers coming to escort us into the harbor at Southampton.

On arriving at that port, amid cheering crowds, we disembarked for our training camp in England. We marched to the station and boarded the train. At every step we made, the English people would give us hot tea, cake and fruit, and we sure did enjoy it.

We arrived in the City of Folkstone, and from there marched to the training camp, known as West Sandling camp. We were tired out from our long train journey, and had a quiet repose in our new home. Our training started in real earnest there. A lot of it was quite new to us, such as musketry, bayonet fighting, trench warfare and bombing, etc. After two months of hard work, and long marches, the word came at last for us to show the Huns what we were made of. We received orders for parade in full marching order—then were marched about five miles to the transport, which was waiting for us at Folkstone. I might say that was in the month of September, 1915. Our voyage across the channel was very rough, but of course we did not mind it.

We arrived in the city of Boulogne, on the coast of France, and marched from there to a rest camp, staying there for three days. Once more we got orders to move on. We marched about forty or forty-five miles to St. Omer, then on to a rest camp behind the lines at Kemmel Hill, which is in Flanders.

After a brief rest, our battalion went into the front line, at the above mentioned place. As we were nearing the front lines we could hear the big guns and shells bursting overhead; also the

whistling of bullets. Of course, I naturally started ducking my head, and I have been ducking ever since. In the week of the 12th of October, our battalion was in the front line, in the P. E. O. trenches at Kemmel, and on that day "Fritzie" sprung a mine in No Man's Land which formed a big crater. On the morning of the 13th we got orders, that we were to take that crater. The time set for going over the top was 2 A. M. and every man was ready and eager to show what he was made of. To the minute a blast of the whistle came, and we were over. "Fritzie" saw us and, he also, came over. Then a hand to hand fight started. I came in contact with a big Hun, and of course we went to it, before many seconds had passed, I got his bayonet over the bridge of the nose, but it did not knock me out, and a short time after I got him; my first Hun. My, but I was a proud boy. I put my hand to my face and it became covered with blood—so I started back to the trench to get my wound dressed. On arriving at my battalion dressing station the doctor started operations. He put four stitches in my nose and then I was sent back to a field hospital for further treatment. While at the hospital I heard that our battalion had taken the crater and covered itself with glory, but our losses were

heavy. It was during that fight that my regiment made itself famous.

After two weeks in the hospital, I was sent back to my regiment which was in a rest camp. I carried back with me two lovely black eyes from the effect of the wound.

Once more we moved into the trenches, under a heavy downpour of rain. The winter had just set in. It was cold and damp under foot, and the water reached up to our knees. During our stay in the line at that time, I recall an incident which happened. I was sitting in a dugout, having a bite to eat with some of my pals, and enjoying the meal quite well. Something had to spoil our lunch of course. A shell came over and burst on top of the dugout and buried us for about four or five hours. We were in darkness —then we were dug out, and were none the worse from our little experience.

Sergt. A. Gibb.

MY SERVICE IN FLANDERS

By Sergt. A. Gibb. Part 2—Story 2

During our stay in the line at Kemmel Hill, after the crater fight, the winter started in real earnest. The snow and sleet was something awful. Nothing but wet feet all the time. Had it not been for our rum ration, we should have died from disease. A great number of our boys did die. Some of the boys in our working party who went up the line, while we were in billets, were drowned in the shell holes, that were filled with water, or got trench feet and were sent to the hospital. During the Christmas of 1915 we were in the front line, and it was very cold. We had our Christmas dinner there, which consisted of our regular rations, but when we came to our billets again, after six days in the front line, we had a Christmas dinner which consisted of turkey, dressing, pudding, tea and other nice things. I am sure all the boys enjoyed it to their heart's content. In fact it was the best meal we had since arriving in Flanders. We also had our New Year's dinner out on the line, much to our

joy. During Christmas and New Year's we had entertainments at the Y. M. C. A. huts and a few movie shows.

About two days after New Year's we went back into the line; also the mud and water. The rest of that winter was very uneventful.

It was on June 2nd, 1916, that the third battle of Ypres started, our regiment being in the line at Kemmel Hill, and our 3rd Canadian division at Ypres. On the second of that month Fritzie made his drive for Ypres. The battle started about 2 A. M. The Huns came over in massed formation, and very strong in number, almost six to one of "ours." All the boys in my battalion were sitting on top of the trench, looking on at the attack. The noise from the big guns was dreadful; also the machine gun fire. The prettiest sight I ever saw was the star shells bursting in the air. They were of colored red, white, and green, which was the Hun's S. O. S. call.

On the fourth of June, "Fritzie" managed to drive our boys from their position in that part of the line. Our third division put up a very strong fight, but they were outnumbered and could not hold. So the Huns advanced quite a bit, and gained a lot of ground. The 48th battalion was separated from the other battalions

and other regiments were in the same fix. That was the reason the Huns drove them back.

On the 11th of June our Battalion, the 26th, was taken out of the line at Kemmel Hill, and after a few hours rest, started for the support line at Ypres, which was Bedford Farm. On arriving there we stayed for two days, and on the 12th of the next month our famous Canadian Scottish made an attack on "Fritzie" and succeeded in driving them back, after very hard fighting and hand to hand work.

It was on the 14th that our battalion, accompanied by others, moved up to relieve the tired out Scotties, who were tattered and torn. They came straggling back, but not in the same strength as when they went into the conflict. They had a great number killed, wounded and missing. As our battalion moved up the road, leading to the trenches, under heavy shell fire, we lost two hundred men, killed and wounded. As we moved along, we could see our chums falling. That made us more eager to get at the Hun. On arriving in the front line, late that evening I was detailed off as a battalion runner, and, of course, it was very interesting work. I was to report at Battalion headquarters which was about three-quarters of a mile behind the line. After great difficulty I found myself at

that point, and reported myself to the Sergt. major. A short time after I was ordered to take a battalion into the trenches at Hooge, and after great difficulty, going over the shell torn ground, I landed the regiment safe at their port.

On the following morning at 9 A. M. I received another order to take a dispatch to every boy in my battalion. Of course there is always two men who go with the dispatch. The idea of that is in case one man gets wounded, the other can look after his wounds, and carry on with his orders. My partner and I started out from battalion headquarters, and going up the communication trench, found it all blown to pieces, so we decided to take to the open. On arriving at a company we delivered the dispatch and went on to the next company. It was very uneventful but it took us from 9 A. M. one day until 4 A. M. the following morning to get back. On our way back we arrived at a company in time to get a little party out to headquarters, but at the same time, "Fritzie" started shelling us very heavily, so we took different routes. About fifty yards from the front line my pal got a bullet in the back, which brought him down. I dressed his wound, then carried him for a distance of about fifty or sixty yards. I then laid him down, so I could get a

rest and straighten myself up, but when I picked him up again he was dead. I continued the rest of my journey alone, but before long I got hit myself in both legs. I dressed them and crawled to headquarters, delivered the dispatch, then fell into a fainting spell. When I came to I found myself in a hospital in Montreal.

Canada's casualties in the war up to eleven days before the capture of Mons on the final morning of the conflict totalled 211,358 men. These classified as follows:

Killed in action	34,877
Died of wounds	15,457
Wounded and presumed dead	52,779
Missing in action and known prisoners of war	8,245

Canada's losses have been very great and she has fought very bravely for a just cause, the freedom of the world and everlasting peace.

Sergt. A. Gibb.

GUNNER F. G. McAVITY

WITH THE AMMUNITION TRAIN

By Frederick Gerald McAvity,
Gunner No. 91805, 8th Battery,
Canadian Field Artillery

It was back in 1914, when the word came to Canada for soldiers, to serve for King and Country. As I was very young, not quite eighteen years of age, I thought I would like to enlist, and go to war, not really knowing what I was going into.

At that time, anyone enlisting under age had to have his parent's consent which, I will say, was no easy matter. After having a little battle of my own, with all my relatives, I finally managed to get the signature of my parents.

We went to camp a few days later and had about two months' training at Valcartier, and then sailed for England. After training a few months in the old country we sailed for France, the early part of February, 1915, where we first got our taste of war. I was more than surprised, because as I was young, and my idea of war was sniping at each other from behind a tree or

stump, but this trench warfare was a new thing. At that time I was attached to ammunition column which fed the guns with its ammunition. Then it was a case of starving the guns, because the shortage of ammunition would only allow each gun of each battalion four rounds a day and as the soldiers call it out there, they had our "wind up" all the time.

We had lost quite a number of men at Ypres and pulled out of that position for another part of the line, when I was wounded on the forenoon of September 21. It was only a slight wound in the left foot. After a few months at the hospital and proving A-1 again, I was sent back to the line, and joined my unit at Ploegstreet in the fall of the same year. Now as you know the fighting was not so great, but the hardships were terrible through the winter. It is simply wonderful what a human being can stand. If anyone had told me before I enlisted that I could lay in mud and water for day in and day out, I think I would have called him a "liar," but I have come to the conclusion that nothing is impossible now-a-days.

Some days when it was a little quiet, we would spend our time in fixing up our Bivouac, which we had built on the ground, as huts to live in. After the winter of 1915 and the spring of 1916,

we moved to the Ypres Salient and we had a pretty tough time of it there, as they had us pinned in the shape of a horse shoe, and they could hit us from all sides except the rear. The Germans had us overwhelmed at that time, but even with their wonderful fighting mechanism, they couldn't drive back the fighting race from North America.

We fought on in the Salient until July, 1916, when the first division got word we were to move to another front. It was rather a surprise. We thought we were to have a rest at that time. The fighting was heavy on the two fronts. The Somme Front in France and the Salonica Front in Greece. So it was a question with the boys which one we were going to. At last word came to move somewhere and after a number of days on the train and on foot, we at last came to a sign along the roadway marked Somme River.

Well, then we knew we were on our way to the Somme Front, going into action the same night. We arrived on the battle scenes, and that was the introduction of the Canadians in the Battle of the Somme. It was a tough fight and we lost a number of men, but it was much worse for poor "Fritzie."

We had it pretty rough all the time on the Somme, and often times when the rations did

not get up from the divisional train, we had to lay back on the hard-tack, which looks like dog biscuits, and we thought one of these biscuits, dipped in bacon grease was a great treat at that time.

I fought on the Somme through the summer of 1916, until the fall of the same year, and in the early part of the evening of November 9, as I was in horse lines of our battery, having a nice friendly game of "crown and anchor." The corporal of my section, called me from my game, (I was winning and did not like to leave the game) and said:

"McAvity you will go up with rations to the battalion tonight. I think you had better leave about eight o'clock." Well, I went back to the game and played until eight, and then I started for the line. As we placed the rations over our pack horses and started to plough through the mud, leading our horses, it was a case of ups and downs, stepping in a shell hole here, and on a dead body there. Fritz was putting a lot of gas shells over, and it was getting late in the night and raining like Hell.

We had one of our boys up in the air by the concussion of a shell and he also lost his ration. At last we got to the battery. The gas shells still poured over and the major gave us orders

to get back as quickly as possible, after delivering the goods. I think we were about fifty yards away from the battery when a big shell burst, or at least a "Jack Johnson" as the boys call it. The boy behind me, the one who lost his ration, said to me:

"Mac we had better hurry as it was pretty close," and let me tell you the next one that came over "got" both of us, killing him and wounding me severely. At 11.20 P. M. on the eve of November 9th, after spending nearly two years in hospital, I was discharged, May, 1918, in St. John, N. B., Canada.

FREDERICK GERALD MCAVITY.

TREATING GUNNER McAVITY'S WOUND, PARKS CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

By Gunner Frederick Gerald McAvity

Being wounded on November 9, my first stop was at a stationary hospital, Rowen, France. I had one operation there, and had some shrapnel removed from my body. One of the pieces was taken from my left shoulder. A nice-sized piece, which will be shown in the photograph illustrating this story. When I came to, after being under the operation, I felt something hard on my shoulder. The nurse, seeing that I did not pay much attention to it, came to my bed and asked me if I did not want my souvenir, meaning my shrapnel. Well, as I was in great pain at that time, I did not prize it very much, but I value it quite a lot today.

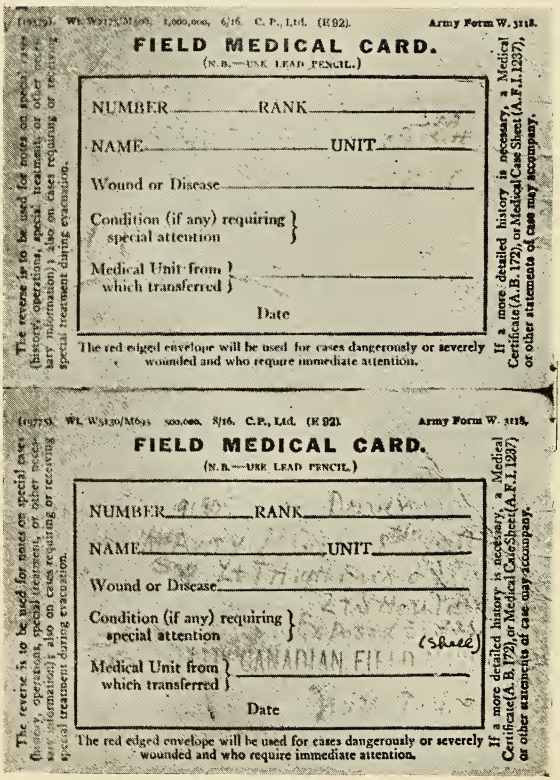
After a few months in France, they moved me to a Red Cross hospital at Southampton, England, called Netley hospital. I had a long stretch of hospital life in Netley. When I was sailing from France to England, aboard the hospital ship, they asked me where I would like to go. Naturally, being a Canadian, and having

no relatives over there, I promptly said, London, so I could meet some of my pals. When I got off the boat, and aboard the hospital train, I asked the orderly if I was near London, and he gave the answer: "Don't worry. You are not going to London. You are on your way to Netley, and will be there in ten minutes."

I was a little downhearted at first, but after a few weeks, I was satisfied with my treatment, which was the very best.

When I got my little lot of wounds, on the Somme, I also was exposed to gas shells, which left my stomach in such a condition that I could not eat for two months until after I had that sea voyage from France to Netley. The nurse there asked me if I would try a poached egg on toast, and that was my turning point. From that day, until the day I was discharged, I have not missed a meal, except after an operation.

I had nine operations altogether, eight in the Netley Hospital at Southampton, England. After the shrapnel was removed, the doctor found out that the bone in my shoulder was severely fractured, and I had four different operations, just to clean out the loose bone which was keeping my wound from healing. All the time I was in the hospital and even until three months ago my arm was completely paralized.



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FIELD MEDICAL CARD.

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NUMBER _____ RANK _____

NAME _____ UNIT _____

Wound or Disease _____

Condition (if any) requiring special attention _____

Medical Unit from which transferred _____

Date

The red edged envelope will be used for cases dangerously or severely wounded and who require immediate attention.

The reverse is to be used for notes on special cases (history, operations, special treatment, or other necessary information); also on cases requiring or receiving special treatment during evacuation.

If a more detailed history is necessary, a Medical Certificate (A.B. 172), or Medical Case Sheet (A.F.I. 1237), or other statements of case may accompany.

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NUMBER [illegible] RANK [illegible]

NAME [illegible] UNIT [illegible]

Wound or Disease [illegible]

Condition (if any) requiring special attention [illegible] (Shell)

Medical Unit from which transferred [illegible] CANADIAN FIELD

Date

The red edged envelope will be used for cases dangerously or severely wounded and who require immediate attention.

The reverse is to be used for notes on special cases (history, operations, special treatment, or other necessary information); also on cases requiring or receiving special treatment during evacuation.

If a more detailed history is necessary, a Medical Certificate (A.B. 172), or Medical Case Sheet (A.F.I. 1237), or other statements of case may accompany.

GUNNER McAVITY'S FIELD MEDICAL CARD

But, through the wonderful treatment they gave me, I am glad to say I have pretty good use of my left arm.

Another one of my large wounds was in my left thigh, where I lost about eight inches of flesh, from the knee up. I have had four operations on this limb. I lay for eight months in suspense, awaiting the official word, whether I would have to lose the left limb. I can honestly say I had a great deal of confidence in my surgeon, and one day he came to me and had a personal chat with me. He talked to me just like a father. He asked me if I thought I could stand another operation because he stated that I was in a pretty bad condition. I was very anxious to know his view on the subject as I put all confidence in him. I promptly asked him his decision, and he replied that he thought I could stand it. Knowing he thought I could pull through, it did not take me long to let him do anything to get me healed up.

The operation was performed and I had all the skin taken from my right thigh, and grafted on the wound on the left. I can say it was a success, and after a few months I was able to get along on a cane. The doctor, seeing I was able to move about, had me sent to a Canadian

Hospital so I could be boarded and sent to Canada.

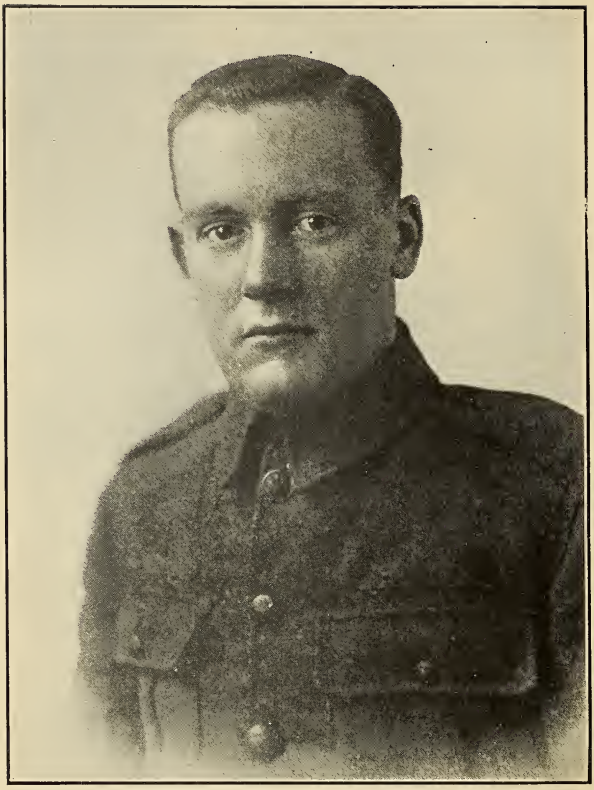
I was in the Canadian hospital for about a month and was very anxious to see my native land again, when one day at noon the word came for me to pack up and get ready for the boat.

After nine days at sea on a hospital ship, with all lights aglow, at the time the Germans were sinking Red Cross ships, we pulled into Halifax, N. S., safe and sound. Here I was detailed off for a hospital, after I had my furlough, to visit my relatives.

After I had seen my people, and was exhausted from talking, and shaking hands, with old acquaintances, I reported to hospital again in St. John, N. B., Canada, where I received electrical and massage treatment.

At that time I could not bend my knee and my leg was stiff, but through the wonderful treatment, and my own will power, I finally got very good use of it before I got my discharge, May, 1918.

F. G. McAVITY.



SERGT. FREDERICK MUIR

TWO YEARS AND A HALF OF WAR

By Sgt. F. R. Muir, No. 81611, 10th Batt., C.E.F.

Six months before war had been declared I left New York City for Winnipeg, Canada, to play at the Winnipeg Theatre and remained there until war was an established fact. On August 6th, 1914, I enlisted as an American and joined the 32nd Battalion, C.E.F. After about five months' training, my battalion was ready and eager for service. From Halifax, Nova Scotia, we set out on the former German liner "Vaderland" bound for the battle grounds of Civilization, each and every boy of us keyed up to the highest pitch of patriotism. When we were three days at sea we ran out of cigarettes. A number of the boys had boxes of strong cigars with them and these they passed around quite generously. We smoked with the usual gusto and also the usual results. A ton of fish must have been fattened on food that was intended solely to strengthen us for the combat.

This experience, coupled with seasickness,

made four of us refuse to wake up one morning, for which we were brought up before the Major and sentenced to cleaning port-hole windows. We did not relish this labor and one port hole each was the extent of our efforts for half the day. In the afternoon we were set to peeling potatoes, cleaning the dishes and scrubbing the lower decks, which we finally accomplished after much pouting and grumbling.

As we neared the coast of Ireland the ships which comprised our convoy seemed to be making a bee line for any port they could reach. Word had been received that subs were in the vicinity and full steam ahead was the order of the day. The fact that our ship was the slowest tub of the bunch, making only about nine knots per hour, added darned little to our comfort. Finally after much excitement we docked at Queenstown. Major Ashton, in command of our battalion, had the gang planks lowered and invited us out to a route march through the city. We aroused quite some enthusiasm, and curiosity, as we were the first Canadian troops to ever land in Ireland. Our next stop was Liverpool and there the dinkey trains, which to us were a real joke in comparison to our own huge monsters at home, afforded us opportunity for funny comment. These trains are little bits of

things and from fifteen to twenty men were crammed into a small compartment normally holding about ten. Several of us were unable to sit down all the way to London. The best feature of the train service was the fond good-byes, given us by the young ladies who usually gave them with a kiss, something that not many of us found fault with.

On our journey through London we were royally received by English Red Cross ladies who fed us with welcome lunches that sure did fill the vaccuum beneath the belt. From Folkstone, fully equipped, we left for France. We knew we were going over to re-inforce the gallant 10th Battalion, and this knowledge added to our good spirits. We were relieving real heroes and we knew it was up to us to "Carry on" as nobly as had our predecessors. Every mother's son of us was eager, yes anxious, to start in on real action. Canada expected much from us, and we would not disappoint her. Arriving at Boulogne we were a bit peeved as we anticipated being received by enemy shell fire, but silence was the only reception we got.

Red Cross ambulances were arriving in countless numbers, bringing in the wounded, and this was our first glimpse of battle's havoc. This sort of took the heart out of us, but only for a

few moments, for, with that scene, came a gritting of the teeth, and on each face could be seen a new-born determination to see this thing through to a successful conclusion.

After a night spent, tentless, in the pouring rain, covered only with straw and the mean, wet sky, we entrained for an unknown destination, and landed at Poppraine, which surely looked like an unknown destination, as it was a typical jerk-water village inhabited only by a few old men and women. Through this village we hiked and up a road leading to the front line trenches. This road had been shot full of shell-holes, which made walking very uncomfortable. The further on we walked, the nearer came Fritzie's forty-two centimeter shells, fired from the largest cannon ever known up to that time; the "Jack Johnsons" as they were called. We were kept busy dodging the shells that seemed to burst all around us, yet never hit us, but in our hearts, and souls, we realized that at last we were on speaking terms with Mr. Death himself; and this sobered us up some, you bet. 'Twas no unusual thing to feel your hair stand right up straight on end and hear your knees beat a tattoo as they knocked against each other. However we soon overcame this feeling as the purpose of our mission dawned upon us. I had

a good opportunity to observe how young fellows act when each knows that death may be his portion at any moment.

In a section composed of eight men I noticed that one was laughing as lightly as though he was safe and secure at home. Another was singing a crazy song and kept marching along defying death, or any other horror, that might overtake him. Still another took the matter so seriously as to walk along in a sort of semi-conscious daze, with a look of stupidity on his face, oblivious to all surroundings. There is the case of Private Fred Wheelhouse, a Canadian lad of about twenty-two years, who while walking under fire of the German guns kept on playing his mouth organ or harmonica until struck on the head by a piece of shrapnel which killed him instantly and spattered his brains upon his nearby comrades.

This was our first casualty and right then and there we solemnly swore that we would avenge him. On April 21st, 1915, while awaiting orders, in our reserve, trenches, two miles from the front line which was being held by the Canadian troops from the 1st, 2nd, 5th, and 8th battalions, the Germans let loose a heavy gas attack upon them. At that time the gas mask was hardly known, the men being equipped with

small inefficient respirators, and naturally the casualties were very heavy. As a result the men had to fall back losing a lot of the lighter guns. This made necessary the use of the men in the reserve trenches, and an order was immediately issued that we "stand to" ready to take our places in a counter-attack which was to be launched in the morning.

Imagine, if you can, the feelings of the lads awaiting the rising of the sun which, probably, meant the last sunrise many of them would behold. The tortures of the death house, I am sure, are mild when compared to those endured by the boys, in the tense hours prior to the attack. Especially when one has to listen to the moaning of the wounded who are being carried back of the lines. It is far from encouraging, and it did not surprise me when, after going through a night like this, that each and every one of us became fatalists. At five-thirty in the morning, the time set for the attack, we received word to go, and believe me we were glad of it. I felt as though I was ready for death to end my anxiety, or else to fight it out, right on the spot, to a finish. Our officer, Lieut. Ball, was the first to jump to the front. After a lusty "Come on boys" he shot forward into the turmoil, caused by our heavy artillery, with a reck-

lessness bordering on insanity. His action was an inspiring one and we boys were ready to follow him to Hell, if needs be.

In that charge I enjoyed the experience of getting my first German. I crashed into him, a big burly six footer, and now that my wish to meet one had been gratified, and I stood before him; I did not know whether to shoot him, punch him, kick him or stick him as you would a pig. Not having much experience with the bayonet, I acted on impulse and rammed it right through his stomach. Oh boy! What a squeal he let out. Putting my foot on his breast I pulled the bayonet from out his vitals taking along with it his bowels. This nerved me, and I rushed forward like a raving maniac stopping for nothing. I plowed my way through them using first my butt and then the bayonet until I had rushed right into their second line, and, Holy Jerusalem!! right smack into a whole nest of them. We were proceeding rather methodically, in cleaning them out, when a shell from a Jack Johnson burst in the midst of our gallant little company, killing five outright and separating two from their legs and arms, I myself losing a leg and having my shoulder put out of commission. I was conscious all the time of what had happened, and managed to crawl into

a shell-hole, and slap a bandage about my leg. With my shoulder I could do nothing and after lying exposed for two hours the company stretcher bearers picked me up, and carried me back to the dressing station. From there I was sent to No. 13 general hospital, Boulogne, but by the time I arrived, gangrene had set in, and the doctors there could do nothing for me. Again I was transferred, this time to London, and from there to Cambridge. A Doctor Cook, holding the rank of Major, and from New York, announced he would cure me in two months. But the job was a more difficult one than he anticipated and six months was required ere I could walk again. During that time the leg had to be amputated to the knee. I was then discharged and received, from the Canadian government, an artificial limb which I later discarded for a better one made in little old New York.

PRIVATE GEORGE OXTON

FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE AND BACK

By Pvt. George Oxton, No. 81680, 10th Batt., C.E.F.

It was the latter end of the month of April, 1915, that the 32nd Canadian Battalion received orders to embark from the port of Folkstone, on the south coast of England, for the western front.

By reason of the fact, that the Canadians had suffered great losses at the first battle of Ypres, our order to leave England came at an hour's notice, but the regiment to a man was extremely anxious to get over, and get busy.

While we were on board, our time was occupied by assembling our new issue of Webb Equipment, which we had practically thrown at us, prior to leaving our huts at Risborough Barracks, Shorncliffe. Consequently some of us found we were short a portion of the accoutrement while others had parts to spare. Being sociable, we were all able to make a complete rigout.

The night was of the pitch black sort, but, thanks to the science of navigation, and sea and air escort, we docked at Boulogne, France, safe and sound, but in a drizzly rain.

As long as I live, I'll never forget the peculiar odor, that filled the air, while marching up the long, steep, winding road that led from the docks to the camp. It seemed miles, and more miles, long, but thank goodness, we arrived at last, to spend our first night on damp ground, or I had better say cold mud. It's very true we had canvass over us, but, I'm sure the tents had just been thrown up, for it was quite as dry outside as inside.

I had no sooner put my head on my knapsack, when that poor miserable little bugler, bellowed out his early morning song.

On April the 27th, we entrained for parts unknown, at least we poor privates didn't know, where we were bound for; probably our company commander knew, and, if he was in the humor, the sergeant major might have known also.

After traveling all night and part of the next day, packed in cattle cars like the proverbial sardines, we arrived at Poperinge. The name was the largest portion of the town that the German gunners saw fit to leave. Detraining here,

we made a rapid march, to within a mile of Ypres. Here we joined our respective regiments. I went to the tenth battalion. It had then earned the name of the "Fighting tenth."

This night we dug ourselves in, along two sides of a large field. Each man dug a shallow hole large enough to lie down comfortably in. Owing to my height I had to dig one at least six feet in length. I was wishing, at that particular time, that I happened to be that poor miserable little bugler, as he was a little more than five feet tall.

The next morning, I, for one, was up before revielle. I found it much more comfortable walking round, in the cool of the morning than lying in a mud hole with only a great coat, within a mile of me. I imagine something always happened to those lovely army blankets, for they were generally conspicuous by their absence.

The evening of the 28th was reasonably fine, when we answered roll call, prior to going up the line. Here we found ourselves in the last line of reserves, the idea being to get used to the "heavies." At times the shells became far too familiar with us, consequently I lost some of my best pals. We spent a week like this on the Yser Canal bank, living like the old cave

dwellers, only we were not there long enough, and it wasn't peaceful enough, to construct any labyrinths. Our work consisted of making shelters, after a "Jack Johnsons" had obliterated them.

On the move again, this time to billets about seven miles south of Baieulle, it took a full night to march the distance, with full kit. The roads didn't appear to get any softer, as time went by, but still one heard the everlasting (Kipling's) boots, boots, boots. As we had ten minutes each hour to rest, I was absolutely unconscious for nine and a half minutes of that time.

On the nineteenth of May, we were on foot again. I had a feeling it would not be to the last line of reserves this time. Neither it was, for, by the next night, we were heading for the front line trenches, one mile east of the village of Festubert. At dusk we traversed communication trenches to our destination: the front line on the edge of No Man's Land. At last! After training and waiting for over seven months. We relieved the Berkshires and took up our posts along with the "Little Black Devils," as the eighth battalion is called, in a trench, which was only captured from the Germans the previous day. The portion of the trench we held, was dug in a roadway, and being fairly high ground

was comparatively dry. This speaks wonders for a trench, for we plodded through much mud and water to reach it. Every second man was detailed to mount guard, while the remainder fought for forty winks, then relieved guard. The first two nights were uneventful, though a heavy artillery duel was the standing program.

The third night, the twenty-first, we were not going to give "Fritzie" a chance to come across, but we were going to push him back. If a man tells you he was not nervous, going "over the top" for the first time, he lies. I felt nervous, though I never confessed it, and I wager everyone else felt the same way, as we had to wait about two hours, after being told we were going over. At eight o'clock we were sent up a small communication trench about half way across No Man's Land, on the side towards the enemy. It cut across diagonally. There was a good-sized gap, on which some snipers had their rifles trained. At this point, we lost a few of our company. It was a case of running the gauntlet for each man who passed it. All of us had to pass it three different times: for, in our first advance, the order was cancelled, so we had to return, till later on.

About nine o'clock, at dusk, we finally went ahead to the end of the communication trench.

Here we branched out on either side, and spread out in open order, to charge. By this time my nervousness had disappeared. My mind was set on the one object of getting someone—and I gripped my gun, and prayed for all the strength I could muster. With a wild cry of "Lusitania," we received the orders to go. All I could do was yell to the boys to give them "beans," for I was knocked down, and found my right leg was half blown off, just below the thigh. If the boys hadn't taken their objective that night, I should have been a prisoner, instead of a hospital case, for over twenty months, in England.

I'm just a plain buck private,
  Who fought with Canada's Sons,
In a regiment of the Maple Leaf,
  That made it hot for the Huns.

I'm just a plain buck private,
  And fought on the side of right,
To serve the world for democracy,
  And beat the Hunnish might.

I'm just a plain buck private,
  From the land of ice and snow
And gave all I could, for my country,
  To help to vanquish the Foe.

It was probably an hour or two after the advance that some of the men came to see what they could do for us. In my particular case the shrapnel, which had penetrated and completely shattered the right femur, had also numbed the nerves, therefore I was left conscious.

However, one of our battalion sergeants tied up the top of the leg for me with a length of cord, which I was always in the habit of carrying.

Four of the machine gunners, who had just returned from the new trench, made an attempt to carry me into the old communication trench, but their good intentions were completely frustrated by the company captain, a real cantankerous sort, who levelled his revolver at me, and declared he would shoot, if the boys took me in. Though I felt sore, in more ways than one, I came to the conclusion, that he was perfectly right, as it might have blocked the trench to the reserves coming up.

The only thing to do was to put me on the ground again. Here I was expecting another shell every minute, but Providence evidently thought I had received my share, as I was free from any more shells, though they were bursting close at hand continually.

About 2 A. M. our battalion stretcher-bearers

managed to reach the position where many more, with myself, were lying. The shelling had then subsided to a great extent, making it possible to continue the work of carrying out the wounded.

I knew one of the three men, who came alongside of me, with a perfectly good-looking stretcher. Though the way was long and very rocky, we finally arrived at the first aid dressing station. After resting here for probably an hour, I was conveyed in one of the "London Scottish" ambulances, about five miles, to a field hospital. I saw many of the boys here. Most of them appeared to be walking cases. The next think I knew, I was placed on the operating table, where I smelled ether for the first time. I remember the doctor saying: "Be perfectly still now, and breathe naturally." After that I knew no more till the job of inserting numerous rubber tubbes through the leg was finished. Having to spend two nights on ambulances and trains, I arrived at a British base hospital in Boulogne. I remember the people cheering as our train pulled in, but I wasn't in the mood for caring what they did.

The treatment was of the best in this hospital, though I only remained in it fourteen days. In the bed next to mine, there was a Scotchman who kept yelling continually. His leg had been am-

putated so I couldn't see what he had to kick about. Nevertheless it made it quite impossible to get any rest at all.

On the morning of June 3rd, the doctor marked me "out," which meant that I was going to "Blighty." I hardly realized what it meant then.

Again I was on the table—this time to cut an abcess and to put a cumbersome iron splint on me. I think they called it a Hodgson's splint. One of those affairs that extended down two sides of the body, to the feet. It took up a lot of room—so much so that I had to have a Ford ambulance all to myself; consequently at the boat's side I was taken for an officer and treated as one. This I didn't object to in the least.

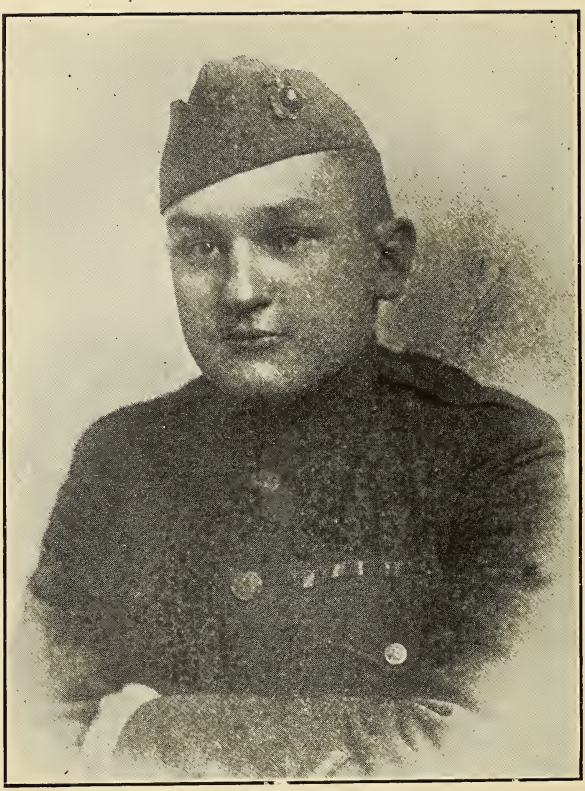
The Abert set sail soon after, and about two hours afterwards, we were in Dover, where we entrained, in a regular hospital train. I was marked for Norwich, in the County of Norfolk, a short distance from the east coast. The night of June 5th our train pulled into Norwich station, where the Red Cross ambulance conveyed us to our hospital. I found myself in a military ward of the General hospital of Norwich, but only for a few minutes. They discovered that the beds were too small for both myself and the splint, so I was shifted to another

ward, where I was put to bed, and became very much attached to this same bed for ten long months, undergoing nine more operations in the hope of saving the limb. They eventually took it off, but I always have the consolation of knowing that I am far better off than a good many others.

PRIVATE GEORGE OXTON.

Editor's note:—The verses embodied in this story are in no way changed, but are printed exactly as Mr. Oxton delivered them to me.

H. L. F.



PRIVATE JOHN T. MILLER

"WHY I HATE A GERMAN"

By Pvt. John T. Miller, No. 122957, 96th Co., 6th Regt., U. S. Marines

On the afternoon of July 24, 1917, as I was walking along the streets of Detroit, Michigan, my attention was attracted by the beat of drums and the tramp of marching men. It then dawned on me that I was big enough to do my bit, so I went to the Marine recruiting office, enlisted, and was sent to Paris Island, S. C., where I was trained for four months. On January 19th, 1918, I left New York and after thirteen days, arrived at a port in France. It was there I got my first glimpse of war. We were loaded in box cars about half the size of American cars. It was built for eight horses, but forty marines had to spend sixty hours in it. We were then in the zone of advance, but stayed only about three weeks. We went into the line the first night. It was an experience I shall never forget. Cigarettes were barred and no loud talking permitted. I thought it very funny, but soon learned different. The third night in, "Heinie" paid us

a visit. There were thirty-seven of us, holding about 500 yards of front line. This at one time was a quiet sector but it woke up, on this night. We had no reserves, and retreat was impossible, so all we had to do was to stay and entertain our visitors. There were about 250, and none of them looked starved to death. After the barrage lifted we saw some of the boys that we had traveled over three thousand miles to see. I was in a daze when I saw my first "Heinie," and he looked about as big as the Woolworth Building. But I woke up in time to realize that I had a rifle and hadn't forgotten how to use it. "Heinie" stopped in our wire and stayed there. Our visitors were all given a royal reception. Six of our boys went to the hospital but we left over a hundred of the Kaiser's boys in front of, and in, the trench, and had the trouble of burying them. From that night on we took more precaution and I was one that was made the goat. My "bunkie" and I took up our post in "No Man's Land" at sunset each night and stayed until midnight. We were put there for the purpose of announcing "Heinie" if he should call again.

"Heinie" did not worry me so much but the rats which we called "war babies," insisted on sleeping in my arms. And as we were in a position where the slightest noise would send

us to the hospital or perhaps "west," the "war babies" had everything their own way. And the cooties would keep us company every night. They would parade up and down my back and of course I had to stand for it. I laid out there three nights with my pal. On the fourth day about five o'clock we decided to wash, as it would be the first time in five days. We got down to the spring without being seen and were enjoying a wonderful bath when the "Heinies" spotted us and started to snipe with his six inch shells. Bill and I made for the dugout and had about two hundred feet to go when a shell hit under Bill's feet. I did not stop for it was useless, as all I could see was blood and a part of a shattered leg. We picked Bill up in a box. It sure hit me hard, but it is all in the game. I swore that night I would get even, and I think I have. After three months in the front line, in and around Verdun, we went out for a rest, but not for long. We had been in a rest camp about ten days, when on the night of May 28, at nine o'clock, we were ordered to move up the line, and stop "Heinie," who wanted to make Paris his headquarters. We were loaded in motor lorries and rode all night, and part of the day.

We arrived at a little town and got something

to eat, the first we had in twenty-four hours. We then started on a march which lasted thirty-six hours, when we arrived at a town about five miles behind the line, tired and hungry. I will go on record, right here, to say that I have been over every inch of France, in box cars, hospital trains, motor lorries, and the rest I hiked. We arrived at this town about two A. M. and were ordered into the line, but thanks to our commanding officer we did not go. The inhabitants had evacuated and we were told to go and sleep in any house we could find. It was here that I saw the first example of German "Kultur." In a room in the house I went into, I saw a mother with part of her head blown off, with a six month old baby in her arms, both lying on the bed, dead. In the corner was a six year old boy who had evidently been killed by the same shell that killed the mother and baby. But with all that I had a good night's sleep, which I needed. In the morning we killed what live stock we could find, and sure did eat. That night we were ordered into the line and there we began to see real war.

"Heinie" started to send over exerything he had, in the way of shells, high explosives, shrapnel and machine gun bullets. There were no trenches and the only protection we had were

the holes which we dug to lie in. Things were flying and I did not take time to get my shovel, which I had in my pack, but used my mess gear instead. We laid in those holes for three days and dared not stick our heads up. If we did it meant "taps," and that we would not have to answer "revielle" in the morning. What we had to eat we had at night, and it was very little, a French ration, consisting of "monkey meat" and French bread; but anything tasted good. One night a lad from Texas, who was not satisfied with his "Boudoir" in the ground, decided to change hotels. About that time "Heinie" saved him the trouble by sending an eight-inch H. E. which made a hole big enough to put a regiment in. So Tex decided to take up quarters in it. He had just arrived in his new home (or hole) when "Heinie" duplicated the order, which hit on the edge of the first hole. "Tex" came sailing over my head. I first thought he had joined the aviation, and was going to Heaven, but when I looked around there was Tex sitting on the ground trying to find out if he was all together, and cursing Heinie for being so attentive. Looking at me he said:

"Can you imagine those Dutchmen, sniping at me with an eight-inch gun."

On the afternoon of June 6th, we received

orders to pack up and we all had the idea that we were to get a rest. All were counting on the sleep and bath we would have. But no such luck. It was here when the French had retreated so far that the artillery was no good to us, and the general in charge of the division said the words that will remain in history forever, "Retreat, Hell, we are going ahead." And we were ordered to go over the top at 5.15. The order came at five o'clock. I cannot describe the feeling one has while waiting for the word. It seemed to me that the time would never come. But suddenly the silence was broken by the blast of a whistle and we were on our way. The sun was shining and the country looked wonderful, and across the wheat we started, to reach our objective, which was the town of Bourches. We had gone no more than about one hundred feet when our captain, the first man to go down, was hit six times in the body. I began to realize then what we were up against, for "Heinie" must have had a million machine guns and they were all working.

The boys started to fall and all that was heard was, "I'm hit," or "Heinie got me." A lad beside me "got it" in the ankle, and said to me: "Kid, what do you think of that dirty bunch of Dutchmen. They won't even let me get started.

When you get into the town, kill ten for me."

I promised him I would, and left him. I don't know whether I fulfilled my promise, but I told him I did when I saw him later in the hospital. When I arrived at the town, which was our objective, there were forty-seven left of 256 in our original company. The Germans were in one end of the town and we were in the other, and, as the reader will understand, one town could not hold both parties, so we started to move "Heinie." Some of us were detailed to put Heinie out and it was no easy job, for every "Heinie" had a machine gun. But it was the same old story, they would fire their guns until we were on top of them, then throw up their hands, shout "Kamerad" and beg for mercy. But after you go through as far as that, you cease to be human and don't know what mercy is. We reached our objective at 5.30 P. M. and at nine o'clock by direction of one lieutenant, the only officer left in the company, and a pal to all the boys, we had Heinie on the outside, the town fortified, and nine hundred men put into the position. Again, and up until the time I was hit, it was little or no sleep; for "Heinie" insisted upon coming back into the town.

On the afternoon of June 10, I was going after some water, and some "Heinie" with a

machine gun, gave me my fare to the hospital, in the form of a bullet in the knee. Some of the boys carried me into a dugout, where I had to wait until dark, and then was carried to the rear, put in a Ford ambulance and started to Paris. Twenty-seven miles in a Ford, on a stretcher, is no joy ride, but it was good enough. Then I reached the hospital in Paris. I had not had my clothes off for fifty-seven days. When I got a bath and saw a bed, with white linen and blankets, and something real to eat, I thought I was in paradise. After the operation, all I could do was to sing, "Please go away and let me sleep." After three months in the hospitals of France, I was put on a transport and started for New York. I am now in the hospital, awaiting discharge, and think it all a dream, and am in fear that some one will pinch me, and I will wake up.

PVT. J. T. MILLER.

PRIVATE ARTHUR J. LEWIS

FROM NEW YORK TO FRANCE AND BACK

By Pvt. Arthur J. Lewis, No. 407936, 8th Irish Batt., King's Liverpool Regt., British Army

When I was going to work on November 22, 1915, I passed the Herald Building on Broadway. I heard the Lusitania had been sunk, by a U-Boat, and my blood began to boil. I at once decided to enlist for immediate foreign service, but as America was not at war, it was quite a task for me to see foreign service. I was told to try Boston, and enlist in French Foreign Legion. Being out of funds, I beat my way on a freight train, from New York to Boston, Mass., and on my arrival I was told there was a "horse boat" leaving for England via France. I went to an agent and was told to come to the docks and I would be put to work.

When I arrived at the docks he told me he was sorry that he was all booked up, but that I could earn a dollar by leading the horses from the train to the boat. After three hours of

strenuous work with the wild horses, I succeeded in putting my last horse aboard the boat. I looked around for a good place to "stow away" because I was determined to get across. The boat pulled her anchor on Thanksgiving Eve, 1915.

After ten minutes, a small boat approached us and announced that there was one too many aboard the ship. I heard it, but was too scared to move, and then the ship sailed to sea, satisfied that the crew was perfect.

After two days at sea, I gave myself up, as I could not stand the hunger any longer, and was put to work feeding horses and mules. The weather was very rough going across and the horses, as well as men, became seasick, and we lost quite a few horses. After a nineteen day trip full of adventures, we landed safely at St. Nazarre, France, and German prisoners took the horses from the boat.

They, the prisoners, were a nice lot of big husky fellows, and seemed very happy to be prisoners of war. I spoke to one of them in his native tongue and he told me that he would rather be a prisoner of war than fight, because he was sure of three square meals a day and a place to sleep.

We then proceeded to Liverpool, England,

where we discharged our cargo of supplies. I was discharged from the ship by the American Consul and given one pound in English money, which is $4.86 in American money, for my twenty-one days of hard work at sea.

While walking through the city of Liverpool, I was amused by several of the things I saw that were quite different from American ways. But the thing that touched my heart and aroused my patriotism, were the Belgian Refugees with mutilated bodies. I then thought of my own people over in New York, and in twenty minutes, I was a soldier with the 8th Irish Battalion, King's Liverpool Regiment, giving a false age, and saying I was a Canadian subject in order to be accepted.

I was given forty-eight hours furlough and six shillings ($1.44) to have a good time on. I then decided to light up the town, and asked a girl where the nearest saloon was. She did not know what I meant, but I soon found out that saloons were called "public houses" and they had "barmaids" instead of bartenders.

After my forty-eight hours had expired I was sent to Blackpool, England, a summer resort, for my training. Instead of living in tents, we were billetted in houses.

With three months of hard training, I was

sent to Southampton, from there to France, where we were detailed off, for our respective units. After a few months in the trenches I got a slight bayonet wound in the left arm.

When America entered the war, I was transferred to the American Army, and started for a retraining. It was then I received my severe wounds. I was shot through the right inguinal region, removing most of my intestines, and paralyzing my nerves, leg, and side, thus crippling me for life and compelling me to use crutches for the remainder of my days.

But in spite of what I went through I feel satisfied and contented, for the reason that, although severely wounded, I have done my bit for my people and the U. S. A.

This ends a happy Yankee Boy's experience in the Great War of all nations.

PVT. ARTHUR J. LEWIS.

PRIVATE JACK KNEELAND

"MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY"

By Pvt. Jack Kneeland, No. 105, 43rd Co., 5th Regt., U. S. Marines

When the great world war was raging, and the United States was preparing for any trouble that might occur between her and the Teutonic Government, I was playing in vaudeville. April 6th we received word that our government declared war on Germany. Immediately I decided to quit the show business and go into the service, but what branch I did not know as I was unfamiliar with the different outfits of Uncle Sam's noble army and navy. As I was walking down the street I happened to notice different recruiting officers, appealing to the men to enlist in the several outfits we have, for the sake of our folks at home, and for democracy. I happened to think of the navy as a good chance, but as I wished to be in the thick of the battles and excitement I decided it was either the army, or the United States Marines. While I was trying to fix my mind on what I should do, a marine sergeant came and started talking to me and

asked me what I was going to do. I told him I was ready for the worst, and that I was anxious to go across the water and do my bit. He said that the United States Marines was the place for me, a boy with the spirit Americans wanted. Well, it did not take me long to make up my mind, and shortly I was being examined by the doctor for physical fitness. I was confident I would pass the rigid test that is given to the Marines as I had never had an illness of any kind in my life. After the examination I was told I was 100 per cent perfect, and sworn in as a private in the soldiers of the sea, as we call the Marines. First to fight on land and sea. Three days later I was called to depart for Paris Island, So. Carolina, where I was to get my training. I arrived the 15th day of April and was immediately sent to a quarantine station where all preparations were given, such as clothes, finger prints taken, and then I was finally sworn in once more, on the 21st day of April. After all these proceedings were over, I was sent to manoeuvering ground where the greatest task lay. We drilled from morning until late in the evening, but I did not mind it as I knew that it was for a good purpose. Digging trenches, hand grenades practice, bayonet drills and rifle practice were our continual rou-

tine, for fully three months. I was then transferred to Marine Barracks, Phila., for duty, where I was assigned to the 5th regiment to be ready for overseas duty.

On the 21st day of August, we received word to get ready to sail. We were then given oversea equipment and boarded the Transport "Henderson." We went to New York, where we loaded supplies and stores for the trip, and started on our way to No Man's Land, at midnight the 22nd. As the submarines were active at that time we were somewhat delayed in getting there. But we finally arrived without a scratch. We landed on the 7th day of September in St. Nazarre, France. There we were taken to the Rue Du Chateau, where we were assigned to barracks.

Here we received our severe training. It was drill morning, school in afternoon, drill in evening, for two and a half months. After this we were ready for anything that might be needed of us.

On the 17th of November our commander received orders to take our men to the Flanders front, where we were to hold the southeastern corner of the Marne with the Australian Anzacs. We immediately departed and arrived there on a very rainy day.

Now comes the first real encounter the Americans took part in. The Germans sent us a rapid shell fire from their position opposite to us. We immediately sent back an intense machine gun fire. The battle raged on for seventeen hours. I received a wound in the leg and was immediately sent to base hospital where I was at once treated. We were treated fine because the French now realized that we were with them in heart and soul. I remained in hospital twenty-three days, and then was sent back to the front, this time to join the 43rd Regt., 2nd Division, who were holding a front in Belgium on the Cambrai side. We advanced and took several little towns around Soisson and stopped at St. Quentin which was being shelled by the Austrians. We took position and immediately started offensive. We succeeded in capturing two thousand prisoners who were sent to one of the French prison camps. After this encounter we were sent to rest camps, where our clothes were replaced by new ones, and allowed to visit the neighboring towns for seventy-two hours. I, with a comrade who you will read about later, went to Paris and had a very good time.

The French people could think of nothing too good for us. After having a fine time, we reported back and occupied the second line, with

the Canadians, and once more at Sartormai I was sent with a message to Major General Leonard Wood. It was a dispatch of fifty-three miles and I was to do this in an hour and ten minutes. I had a Harley Twin Six, and I started out. It was about 9.30, Paris time, when I was passing through a lonely village, a German sniper picked me off in the head. I regained consciousness and fired my Colt automatic and got my man. I succeeded in reaching my destination two minutes before time; but in an unconscious condition. I guess the good Lord was good to me and brought me to life again so that I could explain my mission. I was taken to base hospital No. 3, where my wound was treated with care and the lead extracted. For two weeks and a half I was practically senseless. My memory was impaired, caused by the shock of the bullet, and the intense speed I was going. In this hospital I met a German who had been captured and had been sent to the hospital to be treated for a scalp wound. He was a very well-educated boy, about nineteen years old and could speak English very well.

He told me about how, against his will, he was dragged in and made to fight for Prussianism when he always believed in democracy. It almost brought tears to my eyes to listen to his

story about the people who were wishing that the Kaiser and the Teutonic power would be killed, instead of taking every young fellow against his will and making him fight. I soon recovered, bid this boy good bye, and moved on to the second division, who were still occupying Flanders Front.

One day while wading through mud, a big shell exploded in front of us and we lost a great number of men, and I fell into the shell crater with nine other men. The crater must have been forty feet deep, with about three feet of mud at the surface. Here we did not eat for five days. We had to drink the green slime and mud so that we might not perish from thirst. Every time we wanted to sleep we would fall in this mud and wake up all caked with it. We were finally rescued by a French patrol party, and given plenty of food and nourishment to put us on our feet again. We were sent to a convalescent camp, and told to do nothing but rest. After resting for a month I was again placed in position with our snipers, with private Al Barker as my companion. I at once took position in the limbs of a tree, so that I could notice any patrols that might pass. On our southern corner we saw a raiding party of Germans, fixing their machine guns to clean up a town called

St. Forme. We immediately opened fire on these men, and succeeded in picking off a large majority of them. Suddenly my comrade received a wound in the knee and fell to the ground. I descended and picking him up, carried him safely to our lines, receiving at the same time three bullet wounds.

We were sent to base hospital No. 16, where we were operated on. It seemed as though it was a year before we were well. Finally we were sent to the front at Bellows Woods. This place was approximately the turning point of the war. It is situated thirty-eight miles from Paris, and the Crown Prince's Army were trying to advance through it. Here for forty-eight hours we were continually on the alert, always watching the Germans. We did not eat for forty hours.

On the 18th of July at 12.03 A. M. we received the call to arms. We were ordered to advance to the Forest of Père where a great number of Germans were operating. We travelled seven and a half miles on foot and placed ourselves on the southeastern part of Chateau Thierry. We opened fire immediately, and this is where the bloodiest encounter of our service took place. We succeeded in starving our opponents and cut off all their ammunition. It

was a big disaster to us as they outnumbered us four to one. After the British had been thrown back, the Marines took the field and succeeded in annihilating the Crown Prince's army.

Of our battalion, of one thousand men, only 147 survived, and practically all of these were wounded. The Germans, seeing that they were beaten, immediately sent over their fumes of deadly mustard gas and liquid fire. I happened to be one of the unlucky ones and received a big dose of it. It fairly burned the clothes from my back, blinding me instantly, and deafened me. I was taken to base hospital No. 23 where I remained forty-two days. After I had recovered a little I was sent to a convalescent camp to await my departure for the good old U. S. A. On September 24th I sailed from Brest and arrived safely in Hoboken, October 3, 1918.

PRIVATE JACK KNEELAND.

SERGT. MARK L. NICHOLSON

THE "DARDENELLES" CAMPAIGN

By Sgt. M. L. Nicholson, No. 3736, 10th Liverpool Scottish, B.E.F.

At the outbreak of the war I enlisted in the 10th Liverpool Scottish Regiment, B.E.F. It was at 2.30 P. M. on September 14th, 1914, I went into the recruiting office, and offered my services. The captain looked at me and said, "I am afraid you are too young." I was then seventeen years of age. With tears in my eyes I walked out only to meet my six pals who were in Kilts. One of them, "Vic" Gordon, said:

"Come back at five o'clock and try again;" so I made up my mind I would get in the army at five o'clock that day, and I was accepted, I think, because they were so busy in the office that they did not notice me. Well, I went home the day after with my knees all bare; perhaps for the first time since my childhood. My folks just roared and laughed at me, saying, "You will never make a soldier," and a lot more things that made my Scotch blood boil.

I stayed at home for three days, before I was called, and then, only then did I know what

being a soldier meant. The first thing was to learn how to turn and salute, then came a route march, around the country for ten miles. It was no joke with great big army boots that weighed about fifteen pounds,—it seemed that much to me. After being in the army for about four weeks, we were brought to the fields to drill. What I could not understand was, that they put cows and other animals into this big field the night before and that field was just terrible for a man to walk on, let alone lay down in. We were all wondering what we were going to do, and, I can tell you, it wasn't long before we found out. The captain came up to us and said:

"All right boys, we are ready for some drill in this field."

You should have seen the look on some of the boys' faces. I may mention that some of them were bankers and lawyers and even millionaire's sons. I heard one man say in a typical English way: "Oh! isn't the army beastly, old man."

Of course, not being used to army life, it would make any man swear, but as the days rolled on we all got used to it. They moved us from a place called "Slop Field" in Liverpool to a place called No Man's Field in Blackpool. Every day it rained we would go on this field

for extended order drill. At any rate we became used to army life in, what I thought, a very short time. It was in November, 1914, about seven o'clock when we arrived at Southampton, and were put up, for the night, in stables, with damp blankets to cover ourselves. After that night I began to suspect something. I just sat down to think that they were breaking us in for France. We were in this place till December 3rd and at twelve that night we sailed for an unknown destination. We arrived at a place called Le Havre, France. There I met with an accident. A horse kicked me in the right leg, and put me out of business for a month. That was my start to see real life. I was fixed up by the Red Cross and sent to a battalion called the Lancashire Fusileers. We left France and arrived in London, January tenth. They gave us ten days leave, and packed us on a big liner called the Alaunia. We left on this liner and I did not know where I was until we arrived at Gibraltar. We were there for five hours—then set sail for Malta. We received orders not to leave the ship as we would not be there more than twelve hours, and that twelve hours seemed like twelve years. We could see all the people, and shops, but we could not get to them. We sailed away from Malta to an unknown destina-

tion. About one hundred miles out to sea we received orders to turn back, on account of the submarines being very active around that district, but an hour after we received that message, we had orders to proceed on our journey, and all the way we could see dead horses and boxes floating on the water. We were told later that a ship had been torpedoed a short distance in front of us. We were out three days when we sighted land, and, believe me, it was a treat, as the drill on the ship was very bad. The boys had to scrub out their bunks and the decks, and others had to keep watch, all night, for the little devils in the water. Anyway, it was a great relief when we disembarked at Alexandria, Egypt. It was some place. I met people from all over the world. We were taken over to the barracks and a very funny thing happened. I was in charge of twenty-four men, and let me tell you they were all rough necks. I asked one how he liked the place and he said:

"Oh, I would like to be in the Bee Hotel, playing a game of pool." He had just time to get those words out of his mouth, when a man with a big cigar in his mouth, put his arm around his neck and shouted:

"Tom! my dear brother."

You should have seen how they hugged and

kissed each other for about fifteen minutes. All this time the rest of the boys were trying to make out the Arabs. They were visitors, looking at us with open mouths. We had our drill on a desert and with a broiling sun on us all the time. We left Alexandria the latter end of March, 1915, and arrived at Lemnos, a Greek Island, later used as a hospital base. After we left Lemnos in a convoy of about fifteen ships we arrived at our destination, the Dardenelles. All that we could see in front of us was a great big hill. Later we found out they called it Kemara Hill. The spirit of everyone was good. We were issued 200 rounds of ammunition and carried our packs on our backs. All that I could hear from the boys was:

"We will take that hill by the morning."

Little did we know what was in store for us. Orders came to disembark, so we all helped to lower the life boats, and climbed down the rope ladders into them. I was all settled down with the rest of the boys to make a clean landing without the Turks knowing. Up came a tug boat and took about ten small boats in tow.

Just at that moment we were under fire. The big battleships opened up, and it was some bombardment. The 15-inch guns on the "Queen Elizabeth" let go with the rest. We were about

twenty yards off the beach when, before my eyes, I saw my comrades fall in the water, boats capsizing, rifles in the air, and arms and legs flying around. On seeing this our tug turned towards Cape Hellos, on the right of West Beach, and every man made for the water. Some managed to get on land. You see, the Turks mastered by German officers, put barbed wire entanglements into the water. They knew we could only land in small boats as the water was not deep enough for a liner to get close. As the life boats turned, they got tangled in the wire and overturned. Some of the boys tried to grasp hold of the wire, but had to let go, as it cut their hands, and of course they were drowned. We lost an awful number of men before the real scrap began, and I will say it was some landing. I did not believe I could come through this bit of a scrap. When I landed I looked to see if I was all there. The Turks had trenches right up to the water's edge and, God Bless those Australians, they drove the Turks out of the first line and gave us a chance to land. I asked a chap next to me what he thought of it and how he liked it. Well, he gave me a look enough to kill me, and said, "Well, the first five years is the worst. After that I suppose we will get used to it."

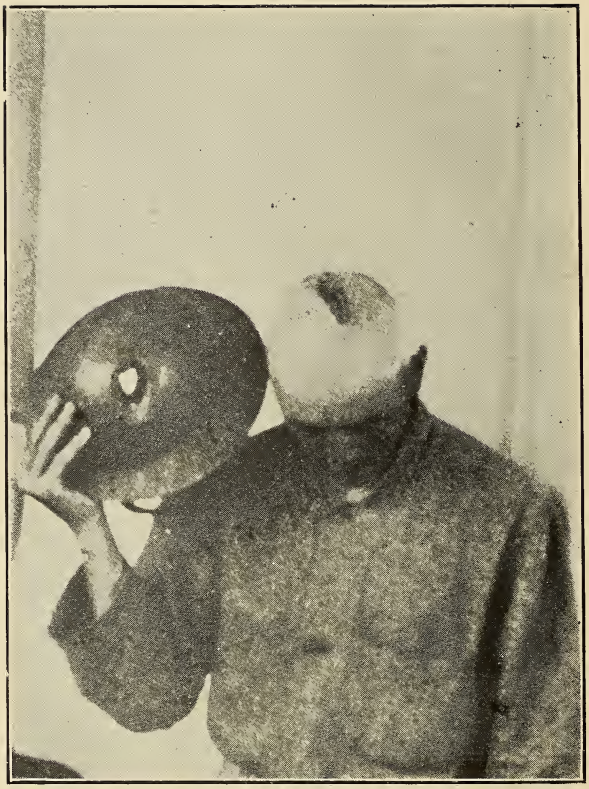
I was five days on land when I began to feel the strain of not having enough food or water. Water was scarce and my mouth was all blistered, it was so hot. We were getting a little supply of water and biscuits from the ships. They came in gasoline cans that had not been washed out properly, but we were so thirsty that we did not bother about the taste.

When I received my wound on the head, I did not know what hit me, but I found myself on board a boat called "Andania," a sister ship to the one I left England in. I had a big bandage stuck on my head and was shipped to Lemnos. I lost my memory for a bit and they called me a serious case, so they packed me to a hospital in Alexandria. I fell unconscious again for ten hours and, as I opened my eyes, I could just see a pair of lovely blue ones looking down at me, and a little motherly hand grasped mine. I cannot explain the feeling in my heart in words, when I saw it was a mother. I called her mother because she was a Red Cross nurse. The first thing she asked me was, "Can I write a letter home for you?" You can imagine what I said. I had not heard from home since I left, and I told her to write and say I was all right and would be home soon. I was in that hospital three weeks and every day I would ask that

lovely mother to write for me, as I was too weak to write myself. It broke my heart when I had to leave that hospital as all the nurses were so kind to me. I sailed on a hospital ship for England and was put in a hospital in Liverpool, my own home town. In this hospital there was a funny Irish boy who had come from France and was all covered with bandages. I made a pal of him, and the jokes he used to tell me made me forget the pain. One Wednesday a lady came to see us in the hospital and looked at me, saying:

"Were you hurt at the Front," and my Irish pal answered for me, saying: "No, ma'am, sure he tripped over a match stick and sure a fly kicked him."

Oh, he was full of the devil. On leaving that hospital I got a month's leave to recuperate, and spent it at home. I was recalled for service at the end of the month to my delight, as I wanted to see some more fighting. I was attached to the 2nd Battalion of the 10th Liverpool Scottish, and we were detailed to go to France.



SERGT. NICHOLSON, SHOWING HIS WOUNDED SKULL AND HELMET WORN WHEN WOUND WAS RECEIVED

"THE FIRST OF THE 'TANKS'"

By Sergt. M. L. Nicholson

Rushed out of the pleasant atmosphere of an English hospital into France, thence to Arras, to help extend the British front, was my next little bit of adventure. Arras at that time was a sort of resting place, as the fighting there was not half so severe as at Gallipoli, and besides it was held on a fifty-fifty basis, the Germans holding one half the village and the British the other.

Vimy Ridge, nearby, and Arras were well sown with mines, and this being known to the enemy, we were not molested by surprise attacks as we otherwise would have been. Close upon Arras, stood Devil's Wood, a point of vantage to whichever side could hold it. It was a much sought after place and had recently been wrested from the British. It was up to the newcomers, mostly from the 1st Kings Liverpool Regiment, to regain it. Needless to say we did this thoroughly and kept on advancing to Fleurs.

At this stage of the game a great surprise was sprung on us. We were keyed up to the highest point, ready for battle, and it was to be our first attack on Fleurs, when of a sudden we were drenched by a deluge of tear shells. A tear shell is one of the meanest of all shells as it gives out a poison that causes the tear ducts to turn almost inside out and the tears, which continually flow, change to a sickly looking green fluid. On top of that, we were also treated to a breakfast of liquid gas and, believe me, I got my fill on that memorial morning.

To make sure that I was "out" for good, a stray piece of shrapnel found its way through my helmet and opened a three-inch scalp wound which I had received, as a souvenir, from a Turk at the Dardenelles. The photograph shows how my helmet suffered.

The gas attack in the morning temporarily blinded my right eye. However all these minor affairs did not occur until after I had witnessed the greatest surprise of the war.

It was at the "Zero Hour," and we were nervously awaiting the word to go over, when five huge, lumbering monsters crept forward from our lines. Could this be a bad dream, or were we seeing things. But look! They are spitting fire. They don't stop! Down into a trench and

over they go. Barbed wire is like a spider's web to them! God! how they travel, these animated blocks of steel. They look like caterpillars or frogs. They look like every living thing that crawls, and the enemy's shells fall from them like water from a duck's back. Onward they go and we are told to follow them. The rest is history. They were the first five "tanks" used in the war and, at once, were recognized as the most terrible of all engines of destruction. Their presence revived our fellows as though an electric current had passed through them. These first "tanks" were a symbol of our strength and determination to win and when we saw them sweep forward majestically, literally eating up the Hun devils, my heart was glad, and the pain of my wounds vanished. The boys now had a fighting chance against the wicked machinations of the foe. We had gone the enemy one better, at his own game of inventions, and Victory was only a question of building more "tanks" behind which the infantry could find shelter in the attack.

SERGT. DOUGLAS AYLEN

THE SUNSHINE OF THE TRENCHES

By Sgt. E. D. G. Aylen, No. 475337, P.P.C.L.I. ("Princess Pats") C.E.F.

I had just returned from a long summer's work on a surveying party, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and everybody in my home town, Montreal, (that is the men) were all dressed in uniform, and the women seemed to be looking at me, and at first I felt uncomfortable and wondered why they stared at me. Then I realized that I had just returned from the brush of the great Canadian northwest. I knew, of course, that there was a war on, and the boys were going over, but for the moment, on my arrival in town, forgot.

The boy friends whom I chummed with were overseas, and my blood began to boil. I was then nineteen years of age, and was quite eligible for service. After a few days at home, I announced, to my mother and father, that I was going overseas. Both objected and said that I should take out a commission. That did not suit me, and I thought of the quickest way to get over.

On my way to "McGill" one morning I stopped to talk to two boys in uniform. I asked them how they liked the army and what unit they belonged to. One said:

"Army life is great. We are 'University' boys to reinforce the famous 'Princess Pats,' and I believe it is the quickest way over." That was just what I wanted, and I asked the boys to go with me to the recruiting office, which they did.

Corporal Coate was there to greet us, and it was not long before I was signed up. After all sorts of questions I was given a small slip of paper with my number on it (No. 475337) and a hat badge with "Universities Overseas Company," and on my shoulders were letters that read P.P.C.L.I. ("Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry"). I had heard all about the famous "Pats" and was of course glad that I was to be one of them.

It was September 28th, 1915, that I was sworn in as a soldier and I felt fine. We trained in Canada, at McGill University, for two months and had it not been for the war I would have been well on my way as a student of that university. We had guard work to do, physical training and route marching; then word was passed around that we were to go overseas and

we were all delighted, as none of us wanted to be "Home Guards."

On November the 15th, we left Montreal by train, amid the cheering crowds of our friends, sweethearts and mothers. Two days after we arrived at Halifax where we embarked at 5 P. M. on the S.S. Lapland. The people in Halifax were there to mail letters or postal cards for us, which we threw from the steamer.

At seven P. M. we set out on our long voyage, and, as the boat steamed out, the band on the deck played "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder I'll be There," but the funny part was, that every member of the band was about sixty years old, and we knew he "wouldn't be there."

We had eight good days going over and all enjoyed it, except a few who treated the fish in the ocean.

The latter part of November we arrived in England at Plymouth, and, in the rain, embarked on a train to our training camp at St. Martin's Plain near Shorncliffe. As you know, we trained there, but that will not interest you as much as our time in France, so I will skip that to the day we sailed for France.

At four A. M. we all fell in and the roll call was taken. We marched to the train, after having our pay book made up to date. We never

forgot the pay book or the dinner call. A thing that all the boys noticed was that we were to cross the channel from Southampton on the S.S. Duke of Connaught, a fitting place for "Princess Pats." Other boys said that was luck. It was for some of us. We arrived at Havre, France, and in the rain marched seven miles to a camp called the Central Training Camp, where we spent a few days receiving instructions in modern warfare.

After the few days in camp we marched seven miles back again to Havre, and proceeded by train by Poperinghe in those beautiful Pullman cars, marked 40 men—8 horses.

We arrived at Poperinghe at 5 P. M., after spending all night, and part of the next day, in the cars. As we came nearer to our station we could hear the shells bursting and the booming of the guns. One could see nothing but heads stuck out of the car windows just as far as craning necks could stretch.

Arriving at Poperinghe we met a lieutenant who asked the sergeant:

"Are you for the Pats?" the sergeant replying, "Yes sir." In a very English way the lieutenant said:

"Oh, very well, follow me. I know where the Pats are, as I was sent for you."

MEMORIAL DESIGN IN HONOR OF LT. COL.
FARQUAHAR P.P.C.L.I.

Well, we followed him. He took us four miles the wrong way and back again—then we had an extra two miles to the Pats quarters. He knew where the "Pats" were all right, all right.

Now we are with the regiment and I was put in No. 3 company under Major Charlie Stewart, who was one good fellow. The regiment was out for rest, but we worked every night going up the line to do work in the trenches, and help the engineers.

Now to tell of one or two little experiences in the front line, say about the time of the "Third Battle of Ypres." The regiment held the line at Hooge and we were all University men, as the old regiment was practically all wiped out, except a handful. Our major was well liked, and a word from him was well obeyed.

A few days before the big show I was sent out on a scouting party of twelve, with lieutenant Fife in charge. We succeeded in getting over to the German wire, and I don't know whether the Germans got wise to our coming, through the sneezing of one of the party, or whether the clipping of the wire was heard. But we were greeted with, first a rifle shot from a sniper, then a bomb. Then a dozen, but only two of the boys were killed. We moved further up the line and a little closer to "Fritzie's" line.

There we remained quiet for a few seconds. I, being near Lieut. Fife, was asked by him to follow, which I did. He went up to a part of the Hun's line that was built of old sand bags, where we could look right up the German line, as the star shell burst and lit up the place.

As everything was quiet, the boys were anxious to start something, so a few bombs were hurled in, but in return we had the same amount, and had to return to our own lines minus two of the boys.

It was on a working party that some fun occurred, as it always does in the trenches. We were moving from the road, to proceed up the "China wall," in the Ypres Salient, which led to the trenches, running through the shattered vilage of Hooge; when the sergeant major said to me:

"Aylen, special duty, step out."

I thought, "I wonder what is coming now."

After he had the number of men he wanted, and all the other boys were up the line, he called me and pointing to twelve large thermos soup tanks, said:

"See those Aylen?"

I said "Yes, Sir."

"Well," he said, "take them up the line."

I looked at him and then at the tanks and said:

"Shall I take them all up at once, or one at a time."

He gave me one look and said, "Don't get funny, this is a soft job for you."

I said, "But I can't carry those up."

He said, "You must."

Now the soup tanks were about four feet high and about a foot in diameter.

I said again, "Sir, I can't carry that up."

He, a little angry, said, "You must."

I said, "I can't carry it—it is bigger than I am."

Then he said, "Well a man is to help you."

So he sent a man, whose name was Cleary, an Irishman, about six feet two inches tall, and as I was only five feet five inches, it was going to be rather awkward for us both, as you have to put a long pole through the loops on each side of the tank, and put the pole on your shoulders. The tank hangs in the center. Cleary being taller than I, and the trench mats very slippery we had "one ——— of a time." I was getting the worst of it. We slipped and stumbled and spoke about a hundred different kinds of "swear words." Now the "China wall" ends about half way up, and we then stepped down into the trench. Just about twenty feet away from the end of the "China wall" there was a large shell

hole and our trench mats which are made of wood, went across one side of the shell-hole. When the shell hole is full of muddy water the trench mats float. This night Cleary and I happened to pass it when it was full. It was very dark and I did not notice that the mat was loose, as I was leading, so upon putting my foot on the mat, down it went. The hole was about eight feet deep, and I felt it going from under me and pulled on the pole. Soup tank, pole, Cleary and all followed me into that shell hole. When we came up covered with that lovely, slimy mud, you couldn't tell which was the soup tank. Then I remembered what the sergeant-major had said, "This is a soft job for you,"—and believe me it was.

There is one thing I would like to say and that is the boys of the Princess Pats had wonderful courage, and always a good word for each other. I can picture plainly our trip over the top at Hooge, when I went over with the second wave. I could see the boys on our left going through a swamp up to their waists in filth; ploughing through, their rifles up over their heads, so they would not get blocked with dirt, and when a man met a bullet with "his number," he would fall back or forwards and disappear under this water and mud; just like quicksand.

It was after a terrific bombardment of our lines. I was detailed to fill sand bags in a shell hole beside a communication trench, just back of the front lines. I was with five other chums, when a shell dropped on the far corner of the shell hole, which I was facing, and the shrapnel penetrated my left shoulder, mouth, right eye and a small piece in my left leg. My chum, Nelson, was badly wounded in the back, and I believe the other four boys were buried. I never heard if they got them out, as I was unconscious, but when I was struck I can remember, first seeing a green light, felt a burning in my eye, and a blow on my shoulder as if struck with a sledge hammer. I felt myself slide down in the mud and I knew nothing until I awoke in the major's dugout. I was told what had happened to the other boys.

I was then taken to the dressing station and in two days arrived at No. 3 Canadian General Hospital at Boulogne.

I was blind in both eyes for a month, had two operations in France, and was then sent to England to the 4th London General Hospital, Denmark Hill. After spending a few months there I was sent to the C.C.A.C. (Canadian Casualty Assembly Centre) better known as "Charlie Chaplin's." This was at Folkstone. After

having two "boards" they found me unfit for further service in England or France, so I was billed for Canada.

Arriving in Canada on the S.S. Empress of Britain, at Quebec, I was sent to the convalescent Home (Belmont Park) at Montreal, and after treatment was honorably discharged as medically unfit.

I trained in the McGill O. T. C. and later came to New York with the "British Canadian Recruiting Mission," where I lectured, and did recruiting work, through New York City. Since leaving the mission I have travelled to the West Indies and through the eastern part of the U. S. Many of my experiences I have omitted on account of space, but I am proud to have belonged to a famous regiment, "The Princess Pats."

SERGT. DOUGLASS AYLEN.

SERGT. JOHN MICHAEL TEEHAN

ON THE BELGIAN RETREAT OF 1914

By Sergt. John Michael Teehan, No. 21746, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, B.E.F.

After the battle of the Marne, it fell to my lot to be transferred to the Belgian Front. I was within twenty kilometers of Antwerp, when the Germans were shelling the town, and the "Zepps" overhead dropping their messages of death on the women and children. I was in fact attached to no one in particular and everybody in general, and, as it were, I had quite a free hand in choosing my own sparring partner. My first encounter was with the Uhlans, or German Lancers. They were six foot high and dressed to kill, and seemed to think they were going to have a cake walk into Paris; but they had not reckoned with the British Marines, Cavalry, and British grit. We had quite an exciting time until we got to a little place called P———. There we had to hold the rear guard at all costs. We were badly cut up but gained our objective, which enabled us to dig in, and hold fast until reinforcements came up, which

were, in those early days, few and far between. When the reinforcements came we drove the Hun out of the village, and one of the sights which met our eyes was the body of a little boy nailed to a barn door, feet up and still alive. On the ground was an officer of the Prussian Guard, mortally wounded, with the gun in his hand, which he had used to nail the little boy with. We went nearly mad. Try to imagine our feelings. I leave you to judge for yourself that officer's fate.

We had it pretty tough for a time going through the country, as the peasants were in great terror of the approaching "baby-killers."

Our next chance of a rest was Ostend. The town was like a bee-hive, owing to the fact that we had a great supply of foodstuffs and had to get it away quickly. We worked night and day to bury it, and ship it off, down the line, but the German advance was so rapid that we were forced to sink some of the ships in the harbor.

The Belgians were like a lot of sheep, coming down the roads. Old men, women and children all trying to get away. It was a sight to see little boys pushing carts with the old folks sitting there helpless, and unable to understand. Yet they always had a kind word for "The Boys." While there we had with us an old soldier who,

at every opportunity, used to clean up every part of his uniform, regardless of the shells falling around. The sights he had seen had turned his brain. He left us on the retreat, and went back into the city, so we lost all trace of him.

On one occasion, while resting on the outskirts of the town, I treated myself to a bed under a wagon, and took off my boots and stockings, the first time since Mons (August 23, 1914). I cannot express how relieved I was. I then took off my tunic and made myself as comfortable as possible. I went to the land of rosy dreams, to which a soldier is almost a stranger, but was rudely awakened by trying to make a passage through the bottom of the wagon. "Fritzie" had dropped a few "coal boxes" and "Jack Johnsons" rather close to my bed, and the concussion lifted me off the ground. You should have seen me "beat it." I swear that all the "coal boxes" in "Hunland" would never have caught me. I did not wait for boots, socks, or tunic, and if I had not tripped over a dead German officer I would have been running yet. Now, don't all laugh!

Coming to my senses again I suddenly realized that I was barefooted and without any tunic, so I examined the Huns lying around, and selected from a young officer his "Jack

boots," which I filled with grass. Then I relieved him of his sword and revolver and took to the road, all dressed up and no one to see me. After I had travelled about one kilometer I struck it rich, by finding a dead Belgian and his horse. I relieved him of his cap, coat and saddle, and believe me I must have looked like a cross between an Irishman, Belgian and Hun. Later I roped in a horse, so I was O. K. until the colonel saw me, and then I did catch it for being improperly dressed.

I travelled all night, and in the early hours of the morning, I stumbled across about three hundred Belgian cavalry in a woods. Of course I was not sure of them at first, as "Fritz" was very fond of masquerading in other people's clothing, so I took no chances. At first they took me for one of themselves, and I had some time convincing them that I was a real Irishman. I had a talk in French with the officers, and some debate as to what we should do. Their intentions were to surrender, so taking the law into my own hands, I spoke to the men and gave them my idea. We considered it better to take a chance on our lives, rather than give in to those curs and be treated worse than beasts; and I, being only nineteen years old, seemed to inspire them with more energy than their officers,

and, being away behind the German advance line, we decided to cut our way through or die. So with my Uhlan saber and somebody's else horse I led the Belgians through, taking about six hundred prisoners. We came out at Dixmude. I left them and reported at headquarters, only to be placed under arrest by a colonel of Black Watch. After I had presented myself to the C. O. he asked, "Who the H—— are you?" I replied, "Trumpeter Teehan, Sir."

Then he trained all his guns on me and barked:

"Where did you get that d—— uniform?"

I replied, "Well, sir, I was rudely awakened one morning by Fritzie, so I had to "beat it" to a safe refuge, leaving my tunic behind, so on my way I helped myself to anything I could find."

I got out of this scrape O. K., and, in a few days I was sent to Nieuport, Belgium, where we had to rough it properly.

It was during a charge there that I was stuck by a Prussian Guard through the pommel of the saddle. I killed him with an ounce of British lead. Then all went dark.

Since then I have fought on five different battle fronts.

SERGT. JOHN M. TEEHAN.

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